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Contents

The Week	141
Editorials	
The Third Breathing Spell.....	144
Huey Long.....	146
Fascism in the Funnies.....	147
General Articles	
John Marshall's Long Shadow.....	Max Lerner 148
Low-Cost Paradise.....	Jonathan Mitchell 152
A Plea for Anonymity.....	Conrad Aiken 155
Washington Notes.....	T. R. B. 157
Other People's Money.....	John T. Flynn 158
From the New World.....	Otis Ferguson 159
Correspondence	160
Brussels Carpet.....	Stark Young 162
Books in Review	
The Poet's Privacy.....	Malcolm Cowley 163
Cherry Blossoms and the Mines.....	Martha Gruening 164
Yeats: Last Spokesman.....	Horace Gregory 164
Education of a Scientist.....	John R. Commons 165
The Consumer Pays and Pays.....	Will Maslow 166
Nothing at All.....	Hamilton Basso 166
The Good Octopus.....	Henry Hart 167
Books in Brief.....	167

The Week

THE session of the League Council which has sought to deal with the Italian-Ethiopian dispute has followed the lines that were expected. The League has fought desperately to prevent an open admission of failure and the Italians have remained inexorably determined to follow their course of aggression. Italy's continued membership in the League hangs by a thread, following the dramatic incident when her delegation walked out of the Council session in protest against the Ethiopian delegate's perfectly true statement that Mussolini is careful to pick out an enemy far weaker than himself. From Addis Ababa come reports that several columns of Italian troops are already moving up toward the frontier and hostilities are expected to begin at almost any moment. Emperor Haile Selassie has made desperate last-minute renewal of his offer to accept European "advisers" and to cede to Italy valuable territory and concessions; but there seems no more hope than there was before that this offer will be accepted. Mussolini must kill at least a few Ethiopians to "wipe out the memory" of the crushing Italian defeat at Adowa

in 1896. One need not have any romantic illusions about the degree of civilization in Ethiopia to characterize the Italian policy as a sickening piece of imperialist aggression. As Litvinov observed the other day, the Ethiopians may be guilty of barbarous practices, but what improvement do you make by shooting them?

THE assassination of Senator Huey Long has shocked his political enemies and friends alike; the whole country will undoubtedly agree with President Roosevelt in deploring the use of violence even against such a ruthless foe of democratic processes as the Kingfish. So far as can be learned at the moment of writing, Long's murder was not the work of an organized conspiracy among his political opponents. The young doctor who did the deed and paid for it with his life seems to have acted alone and without any contact with groups of persons hostile to Long. We learn from reliable private sources that his chief quarrel with the Senator was because the latter was attempting to destroy the Tulane University Medical School, in which Dr. Weiss was interested, by building up in opposition to it a medical school in New Orleans. Inevitably, comment turns at once to the political effects of Long's death. Observers believe that it somewhat enhances the likelihood of Roosevelt's reelection next year, although Long's threat was less serious than had often been supposed. His real menace would have come in 1940, provided that this depression continued so long or the next one had already begun by then. Like other dictators, Long made no real provision for a successor and probably could not have done so. His chief lieutenants are men far inferior to himself in personality and ability. While Louisiana will doubtless continue to be one of the rottenest of our rotten boroughs, it seems probable that the Long machine will disintegrate into a series of cliques which will no longer have significance outside the boundaries of the state.

AFTER the death of Senator Long, the week's most important domestic events are those connected with the Florida hurricane. While loss of life is inevitable in a great natural disaster of this sort, there is no doubt that many persons were killed who might have been saved. Some of these deaths

resulted from the extraordinary delay in sending a relief train to the war veterans' camps that were known to be in the path of the storm. Nearly all the loss of life, of course, could have been prevented if houses in the hurricane area were built of sufficient strength. The reason this is not done is because such construction is expensive. President Roosevelt, with his usual shrewd sense of political timing, seized the moment when the papers were filled with stories about the plight of the steamer "Dixie" to confirm the news of the trans-Florida ship canal. This new artificial waterway will cross the state in a southwesterly direction from Jacksonville. It will save many miles of steaming for all vessels bound from North Atlantic ports to New Orleans, Galveston, etc. The project was approved by the engineers long ago, but has been held up by political protests from cities in southern Florida which professed to see in it a threat to their own importance.

OTHER news of the week includes construction plans for twenty-three more vessels in the United States Navy and an elaborate relief program for artists, actors, musicians and writers. The firm of J. P. Morgan and Company has split two for one in accordance with the terms of the present law, which forbids any bank both to accept deposits and sell securities. In New York City, plans are going forward for a referendum on the construction of a municipal electric power plant that would furnish electricity to one tenth of the city and act as a yardstick for the rates that are charged by private companies.

FOR his prompt, forceful action in persuading the officials of the Standard-Vacuum Oil Company to withdraw from the Rickett concession in Ethiopia, Mr. Hull deserves unqualified applause. In the whole Ethiopian imbroglio, he stands out as the one man whose thoughts seem fixed on world peace rather than on his own country's narrowly selfish interests. But heartening as is this one act, it does not justify President Roosevelt's announcement from Hyde Park: "Dollar diplomacy is no longer recognized by the American government." If dollar diplomacy means the shaping of foreign policy in accordance with the wishes of big business, this country must make enormous readjustments in its conduct of foreign affairs before Mr. Roosevelt's dictum will be even approximately accurate.

TO TAKE an example near at hand, our support of the Mendieta-Batista regime in Cuba is being governed almost entirely by the needs of American big business. Mr. Roosevelt has declared that he will never use American Marines to support big business in Latin America, and for this decision he deserves great credit, but throughout the hemisphere his administration is constantly intervening, on behalf of American business men, in questions of currency restrictions, taxation, tariffs and fran-

chises. In China, it joins with Great Britain in unobtrusive support of Chiang Kai-shek. If Mr. Roosevelt and Prime Minister Baldwin were suddenly to let it be known that they disapproved of Chiang, he would hardly remain in office a week. Perhaps 90 percent of the State Department's work at the present time is devoted to the furtherance of American business abroad.

IN THE case of the Rickett concession, the interests of the Standard Oil group at stake were small and highly dubious. But where American oil interests are large and profitable, as in Manchukuo, the State Department has acted with great firmness. Its stiff notes of protest against the Japanese-Manchukuo oil monopoly, injurious to the American companies' position in Manchukuo, has in fact been one of the chief issues in dispute between this country and Japan during the last year. Such aid to big business does not connote any peculiar wickedness on the part of the government. England practises pound diplomacy, France practises franc diplomacy and if Washington did not practise dollar diplomacy, a considerable part of our greatly shrunk foreign trade would vanish. When Mr. Roosevelt says that dollar diplomacy is at an end, does he mean that his administration is ready to let this happen? Does he mean that American gunboats, for example, are now to cease patrolling the Yangtze below the Standard Oil's Nanking concession? Does he mean that all the present preparations of the Army and Navy for war in the Far East—a war that could only be caused by insistence on privileges for American industry and finance in China—will be abandoned? Does he really intend that, as Senator Nye says, "Hereafter, when commerce and neutrality conflict, we are going to throw away commerce"?

CONSUMERS' RESEARCH, the organization created to distribute to its members accurate information about the goods ordinarily purchased for household use and nationally advertised products in particular, is having trouble with its employees. As we go to press, a majority of the workers in its plant at Washington, New Jersey, are on strike. The strikers, most of whom are members of the Technical, Editorial and Office Assistants' Union, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, charge that three of the union members, including the president, were dismissed a few hours after they had made a request for formal recognition. They are asking reinstatement of these individuals and a minimum wage of \$15 a week, saying that some employees are now working for sums as low as \$13.13. They also complain that all individuals employed are compelled to sign a contract permitting unlimited right of dismissal by Consumers' Research during the first six months. To a telegraphic request from The New Republic for comment on these charges, F. J. Schlink, director of Consumers' Research, replied that the executives of the organ-

ization were too busy at present to issue a statement. Subsequently, some daily newspapers carried an interview with him denying the union's charges in general and stating that the present minimum wage is \$15. He made no comment on the union's statement that labor policy at Consumers' Research is unsatisfactory, as is evidenced by the fact that the turnover among employees is nearly 100 percent a year. The strike has now turned into a lockout and it has been reported that none of the strikers is likely to be reemployed.

WHATEVER may be the merits of the controversy, it is a tragic episode in the history of the organization. Consumers' Research has owed much of its growth to support by liberal and labor groups, whose sympathies will be alienated to some extent by this struggle. It has been bitterly fought both by manufacturers of the goods it criticized and by the advertising and publishing fraternity whose actions it has so often and so justly attacked. These hostile forces are now able for the first time to meet the charges of Consumers' Research with counter charges of their own which, while they have nothing to do with the case, will be accepted in some quarters at least as effective rebuttal. American consumers have so few valuable allies that the weakening of any of them is a calamity.

IN The New Republic of September 4 we published under the title, "The Big Corporations Rule," the more important sections of a recent statement by Robert H. Jackson, special counsel to the Internal Revenue Bureau, prepared for the Senate Finance Committee. On page 99 of The New Republic appeared a table showing the net profits of various corporations arranged according to the value of their assets. As was correctly indicated in the text, the only corporations that earned an aggregate net profit in 1931 were the very largest, those whose assets exceeded \$50,000,000 each. The supplementary table was incorrectly printed, however, showing profits instead of losses in the cases of all the other corporations listed.

THE action of Magistrate Brodsky of New York City in dismissing charges against four of the five men accused of participating in the "Bremen" riot has been widely misinterpreted by the press. Legally speaking, Mr. Brodsky committed no offense against the Hitler government. Under international law, all that Germany could require of United States authorities was that they should exercise "due diligence" in hunting down and prosecuting the individuals guilty of tearing down and trampling on the "Bremen's" swastika flag during the riot of July 26. No evidence was presented to Mr. Brodsky to show that the defendants had actually had the flag in their hands, or that they had conspired to provoke a disturbance. In the opinion that he delivered in setting four of the defendants free (the fifth was held on a charge of possessing brass

knuckles) Mr. Brodsky suggested that to them the Nazi flag "carried with it the same sinister implications as [that of] a pirate ship," which was no more than a plain statement of fact. In the opinion, however, Mr. Brodsky himself did not subscribe to this view; he merely cited hatred of Nazism as one of the factors that contributed toward bringing about the situation.

ON September 20, injunction proceedings will be instituted to test the constitutionality of the martial law existing in Terre Haute, Indiana, since the general strike of last July. Until the visit of Norman Thomas, Powers Hapgood and other labor sympathizers to Terre Haute two weeks ago, union activities of every sort were being prohibited, although no reasonable excuse for the continuation of martial law remained. No National Guardsmen were on duty; all policing was being adequately performed by the municipal authorities. The existence of martial law, however, was being used by the police to sweep away all the customary guarantees of the Indiana and federal Constitutions. Union meetings on private property were summarily broken up, and speakers arrested and held for lengthy periods without arraignment. Mr. Thomas addressed the first unmolested union meeting in Terre Haute since the general strike. Last week the police arrested Mr. Hapgood, Aron Gilmartin of Chicago and Leo Vernon of Madison, Wisconsin, during an attempt to resume picketing. Because of the imminence of the injunction proceedings, the police acted without recourse to martial law, and Mr. Hapgood and his companions were able to demand an immediate hearing and obtain bail. Many labor leaders regard the forthcoming hearings as of great importance. If the practice of continuing martial law for indefinite periods should spread to other states, they point out, all of labor's painfully acquired rights of organizing and picketing would be destroyed. Sympathizers are asked to send funds to meet the cost of the injunction proceedings to the Socialist Labor Defense Committee, 549 Randolph Street, Chicago.

IN The New Republic of July 17 we published a comment on the case of Walter Baer, a civil engineer of Portland, Oregon. Mr. Baer faces deportation to Germany because of a youthful criminal record discovered only after he had made himself troublesome to the ruling group of his community by agitating on behalf of the unemployed and particularly by demanding large-scale work-relief measures. The New Republic urged that the Department of Labor should reconsider its determination to deport Mr. Baer, since it seemed clear that the real basis for the action against him was his present activities. Officials of the Department of Labor, defending the action in his case, point out that he had three times been convicted of criminal offenses and argue that deportation is mandatory in the case of a third offender.

IT IS true that Baer was three times convicted, and we regret that in making a highly condensed summary of the case, we neglected to mention this fact. We still believe, however, that the Baer prosecution is essentially a piece of political persecution, and that there is a basis for the claim that deportation is not mandatory under the circumstances. Baer's attorney argues that deportation is required only in the case of crimes possessing the element of moral turpitude. Baer has received a full pardon for his first crime and the other two—forgery of a check and of an endorsement—which, like the first, were committed when he was young, do not indicate “inherently base, vile or depraved conduct,” as moral turpitude has been legally defined. This case has been investigated by several groups of Portland citizens, each of which has found in his favor. A number of members of the State Senate and House of Representatives and Portland city officials have signed petitions against his deportation. On the facts presented, his case will certainly seem to be one that demands further investigation by the Labor Department officials in Washington.

A DANISH correspondent sends us additional information about the march, several weeks ago, of 30,000 peasant farmers upon Copenhagen. At the time, the march was described in the press as a demonstration of protest by hard-working, patriotic farmers against the extravagant government of the Socialist premier, Theodore Stauning. It now appears that the march was organized by Count Knuth and Herr Sehested, two leaders of the Danish Nazi Party, who are under the influence, if not the day-to-day orders, of Berlin. Had it not been for the resolute support given Premier Stauning by King Christian X, who defied the marchers surrounding his palace, observers believe that the demonstration might have ended in a Nazi coup. As it is, a struggle between Nazis and Socialists for the control of the country is regarded as inevitable in the not distant future.

WHAT appears to be a serious situation in the army-ruled Canal Zone forms the background to the forthcoming trial of Nelson Rounsevell, publisher of *The Panama American*, for criminal libel. After four suicides, and a number of other attempts at suicide, occurred among the American troops stationed in the Canal Zone, Rounsevell accused the military authorities of working the enlisted personnel for barbarously long hours under the tropic sun, as a result of which an alarmingly large number had resorted to smoking the marihuana weed. When Rounsevell crossed the boundary between Panama and the Canal Zone, he was promptly arrested, and held under \$2,500 bail. A check for that amount from President Harmodio Arias of Panama was refused, and Rounsevell was only released when Panama police brought \$2,500 in silver from the Panama Treasury.

The Third Breathing Spell

THE BREATHING spell for business announced by Mr. Roosevelt last week is the third since his administration began. In February, 1933, Washington commentators were almost unanimous in remarking that the administration seemed to be doing everything in its power to conciliate the timid business man. It was made plain, during the next few weeks, that there would be no more tinkering with the currency, no more trying to raise the temperature by diluting the mercury in the thermometer. Business was also reassured about the danger of any other type of inflation. Partly in an attempt at government economy, partly because it was really believed that private reemployment was now possible and partly for other reasons, the Civil Works Administration was dismantled in a few weeks that spring, at the cost of great suffering to the unemployed.

All this was done in response to the assurances of business leaders that if they could only be let alone, prosperity would soon be back again. Unfortunately, business, which had begun to rise about the middle of January, when the Civil Works payrolls were at their maximum, fell off catastrophically at the end of June, about the time when the impetus of these expenditures was withdrawn. It continued to sink until the middle of September, and the truce with business was dissipated in the misty heat of midsummer along the Potomac.

In the late autumn of 1934, there came the second breathing spell. Out of the famous Moley dinners and other conferences grew the tacit guarantee that the government would embark upon no drastic experiments, provided that business would make good upon the promise it was again putting forth, and restore production and payrolls. The comparative weakness of the Social Security Law, the new Banking Law and other items of recent legislation has since been widely attributed to the promises made at that time. Whereas the first truce was kept more or less confidential, the second was heralded by the impassioned speeches of Mr. H. I. Harriman, of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, appealing to business to carry out its side of the bargain.

Unluckily, the volume of trade, which had turned upward late in September, turned down again at the beginning of February. Business had failed to make good. The President, moreover, was angered by some sharp criticism of his policies from leading industrial spokesmen, and early this year the second truce was also abrogated, at least in part, though no one knows to just what extent.

The third truce, announced last week, differs from the first two in that it is boldly heralded instead of being tacit like the first and half-revealed like the second. It resembles the others in that the improvement in business that has preceded it is about as large as had taken place before the other

two. Since the improvement started from a point slightly higher than in the two earlier cases, the President has the advantage of making his declaration when general business has regained the losses suffered since February of this year and stands as high as at any other time in this administration except during the pre-N.R.A. boom of May and June, 1933.

Is there any more reason to believe that this breathing spell will be long continued than existed in the case of its two predecessors? To answer this question accurately, it is necessary first to answer another: will Mr. Roosevelt be reelected fourteen months hence? Most political observers consider last week's letter to Roy Howard a master stroke of politics. They believe that he has stolen the conservatives' thunder on the right, just as he stole the progressives' thunder on the left with his so-called "share-the-wealth" taxation message a few weeks ago. The Republicans' enfeebled gasps during the past few days give some support to this view. They believe, as the President appears to, that the country is tired out and needs a rest. It is also true that it will take some months to put into effective operation the new machinery created in the frenzied final hours of the congressional session. It is a truism of American politics that nothing of importance is ever done in the last few months before an election either by Congress or by a President seeking a second term. On this theory Mr. Roosevelt has shown the highest political skill by capitalizing on his necessities, by announcing as a policy what would have been inevitable as a bit of political expediency in any case.

Is the President's program substantially completed, as he says it is? This question, also, requires a precedent answer. What was, and is, the President's program? No one in this country, probably not even Mr. Roosevelt himself, can give a definitive reply to this question. As is well known, many of his pre-election promises were of a character diametrically opposite to the policies he has since carried out. While the Republicans have sought to make a great point of this, to the American people as a whole, whose temperament is rather facile and opportunistic, the question has presumably been rather whether his new policies look in general in a direction of which they approved. In his early days in office he made broad promises about driving the money changers out of the temple, about obtaining security and richness of life for everyone. We do not yet know how seriously Mr. Roosevelt intended these promises to be taken. Nearly every one of his specific measures, as it has emerged from the legislative machinery, has seemed to us painfully disappointing in comparison with the President's own predictions. Since, however, we have never believed that Big Ownership in this country or any other country would voluntarily accept a series of self-denying ordinances in order to promote the common weal, we have not been surprised at the results.

When the President says that unemployment is steadily diminishing and that the depression is over, he is speaking, we take it, as a political leader and not as an economist or statistician. There is no reliable evidence that unemployment is being decreased except through the transfer of individuals from home relief to made work on the government payroll. As W. P. Mangold pointed out in *The New Republic* of September 11, all the four leading indices of unemployment show an increase since October, 1933, ranging from 100,000 to 1,000,000. The census, which was to have been taken in the next few months and which would have given us the facts for the first time, was canceled a week or two ago by decision of the federal authorities. As for the improvement in general business, we have already pointed out that this is the fourth such improvement seen during the Roosevelt administration. Two of the other three have been as large, expressed in percentage terms, as this one, and the third was fully twice as great. There is some improvement in building, but it is pitifully small in comparison with the nation's needs. Of the new securities floated, an overwhelming majority are for refunding purposes. The largest single factor in our present improvement seems to be the production of automobiles and in this, an element of great importance is increased demand among farmers as a result of subsidies arranged by the government and paid by the consumer. It is true of course that the credit condition of our banks is such that a temporary boom of impressive proportions might easily take place if enough people believed that it is about to do so.

It is pointless, however, to debate the question raised by the President, whether the depression is now ending. He is gambling on the assumption that it is, as Mr. Hoover gambled in 1930, 1931 and 1932. Whether he is right or wrong, it is obvious that his administration cannot stand still, and least of all if he is reelected. Half the legislation recently enacted is unsatisfactory even to him, though naturally he cannot be expected to say so on the eve of a campaign. Much of this legislation requires supplementary measures before it can become fully effective. The very heart of the New Deal was destroyed by the Supreme Court in the *Schechter* case. There is every reason to expect additional decisions along the same line during the coming winter.

The Banking Law makes only the feeblest beginning at social control of our financial institutions. The Social Security Law makes only the feeblest beginning at social security. The problem of agriculture has not been solved by the measures thus far taken, but only ameliorated, and as regards some parts of it, the cocaine is now wearing off and the toothache beginning again. Labor has not yet won the right of collective bargaining, not even in those interstate industries to which the government's efforts are now confined. Such gains in wages as have been made have been more than

eaten up by the increase in the cost of living, a dilemma in which all consumers, including millions whose incomes have not increased at all, now find themselves. In the field of foreign policy, the danger that we shall become embroiled in war in the Far East is much greater than in March, 1933; and a similar danger is pressingly imminent in regard to Europe. While the number of unemployed remains approximately stationary at 11,000,000 or more, our national policy regarding them comes increasingly to resemble compulsory labor at wages barely above the starvation level. Under such circumstances, to talk of a breathing spell in any but the most temporary terms becomes a grimly bitter jest. This nation cannot and will not accept a freezing of the status quo, no matter who wants it or how much.

Huey Long

LIKE ALL jesters, Huey Long was a deeply tragic figure. In the man there was one genuine thing, and that was his awe of book-learning. The provision in his "Share-the-Wealth" program most carefully worked out, and the one of which he spoke most often and with the greatest enthusiasm, was that for ensuring every child in the country a four years' college education. The moments when Long was happiest and most likable were when he traveled with the Louisiana State University football team and acted as its cheer leader. No one could know Long for more than a few minutes, and not discover that he felt that a formally educated man was the possessor of the key to a sort of heaven, to which he himself could never be rightfully admitted.

Long was the child of a decent, poor-farmer family, of a social and economic class that ought to be an honorable element of the community. Yet, according to the tradition of the Deep South, he and his family were in effect untouchables. Between Long, as a boy, and the son of one of the great planter families, was a bottomless gulf. The story of Long's life, and the motive for all he did and said, was his unsuccessful attempt to leap across this gulf, and to become in the narrowest and meanest sense of the word a gentleman. He should not altogether be blamed for the tawdriness of his ideal. It was the only one set before him, and in its pursuit he showed such energy as very few men ever exhibit.

Because of Long's lack of any fundamental sense of social relations and history, which he himself realized, he never succeeded in distinguishing the wrongs of his class from the humiliations he himself underwent in growing up. The "Share-the-Wealth" movement, at least to all appearances, did not interest him except as a weapon in fighting his own way into the dominant class of Louisiana. Even after his debate, last winter, with General Hugh S. Johnson, in which the flimsiness of his social program

was disconcertingly revealed, he could not bring himself to the task of working out any sort of practical procedure. After the debate, he ruefully admitted that he "ought to get up a few figures," but he did not do so. His movement had no meaning to him except as it enabled him personally to share the wealth, power and security of the Louisiana overlords.

His private tragedy was that although he made, in various dubious ways, great sums of money, and possessed more absolute power, of a kind, than any other man in the country, he did not attain inner security. He seemed dogged by an almost Greek sense that he was a usurper, that his wealth and power were not rightfully his, that they might at any moment be stripped from him. From this feeling, we think, came his political ruthlessness, his insistence upon calling out the state National Guard upon slight pretexts, his refusal to walk abroad without a posse of armed guards. As violence always begets violence, Long's methods aroused similar intemperance on the part of his adversaries. The constant sight of armed men about him made opponents feel that only by armed force would he be overthrown. Whether or not he brought his own fate upon him is useless speculation, but it is true that for more than two years Louisiana has seethed with talk of assassination and revolt, and that this talk arose originally from Long's refusal to abide by democratic processes, and to afford his enemies any legal means of combatting him. Once the ordinary moral sanctions of the community against violence disappear, a terroristic act by some psychopathic individual always becomes extremely likely.

Long's distinction lay in the fact that he used the manners of a clown to achieve his ends. Unlike most of the Deep South demagogues who have preceded him, he was no pompous, flag-waving, white-waistcoated pseudo-statesman. He concealed his furious energies and hatreds beneath a joke, a comic phrase, an act of deliberate buffoonery. Beyond doubt, the trick of personality made him infinitely more dangerous than a Tom Heflin, for example, could ever have been. Denunciations of Roosevelt in Heflin's spread-eagle style would have emptied the Senate galleries. As it was, crowds stood patiently in line in the corridors of the Capitol for hours at a time on the chance of hearing him say that Roosevelt was "just a scrooch owl. He just scrooches up to a hen, and makes love to it, and then the hen is gone." For all his lack of a realistic sense of this country, and the possible part that he himself might take in its political life, he had a brilliant feeling for concrete situations, and an ability to explain them to common people that was superb. It is not true that, in the Senate, Long always criticized Roosevelt from a leftist point of view. Many of his attacks breathed rank reaction, and the whole tendency of his philosophy, to the extent that it was explicit, was headed straight toward Hitlerism. But there was no other leader

whose opposition was more effective or aroused greater fear among administration leaders.

Of Long's rule in Louisiana, it is hard to find anything to praise. Not since Civil War days, has any state suffered under the rule of such unrelieved gangsterism. But the greatest of all tragedies connected with Long is that under his leadership social forces of immense importance should have perverted and stultified. It must not be forgotten that under him the lower middle class has made a militant and honorable protest against the rule of the dying plantation caste, and against the great corporations, directed from New York, which are taking its place. These poor farmers, small merchants and skilled white workingmen who regarded Long with religious devotion have a just cause, although they, in their turn, are the exploiters of a Negro class below them. In the long run, their progress toward independence and security cannot be halted. But, for the immediate future, there is great danger that their legitimate grievances will be lost sight of in the turmoil created by the assassination of their champion at the hands of a man who they will feel was a sympathizer with their enemies.

Fascism in the Funnies

JAMES CLENDENIN, editor of The Huntington, West Virginia, Herald Dispatch, deserves credit for his successful protest against the propaganda contained in The Chicago Tribune's syndicated comic strip, "Little Orphan Annie." Readers will recall that in The New Republic of July 11, 1934, an article entitled "Hooverism in the Funnies" revealed the fact that Daddy Warbucks, guardian of Orphan Annie, was being made the mouthpiece of extreme reactionary doctrines. In the months since then, Harold Gray, creator of the comic strip, has continued his attacks upon the New Deal, together with a virulent denunciation of the organized labor movement.

Through befriending an old beggar, Daddy Warbucks becomes the owner of "Eonite," an extraordinary substance that is to revolutionize our material civilization. He builds a huge factory, in which he employs thousands of workers under idyllic conditions. Slugg, another capitalist-employer, tries to ruin Daddy Warbucks, and for this purpose hires a set of "liberal" politicians, one of whom vaguely resembles Senator Norris of Nebraska. These politicians have the revealing names of Claude Claptrap, Horatio Hack, Ronald Renegade, Phineas Plunder, Lester Lacquey and Byron Bunkum. Horatio Hack assures Slugg: "Leave it to me, Mr. Slugg. I'll make Warbucks the most hated man in this country in a week. I know the ropes. I'll get action." In an aside, Slugg says contemptuously: "They actually believe that bunk. All I want is 'Eonite.' And thanks to such rabble-rousers and misleaders of the masses, I'll get it."

The politicians stir up popular hatred of Daddy Warbucks as a monopolist, although, as the readers of "Little Orphan Annie" are repeatedly informed, he is just a great, big, lovable, old daddy, not only to his own workers, but to the world in general. In the end, Slugg's attempt at political manipulation fails, and he turns to the labor movement to further his evil designs. Three labor "agitators," wearing black slouch hats and long, fuzzy beards, gather outside Daddy Warbucks's factory, and are made to say: "Above all, we must keep them [the workers] organized." "Yes, of course, otherwise we cannot collect our dues." And: "Ah, my friends, do not forget the initiation fees, the fines and assessments." Daddy Warbucks subsequently engages a squad of kindly, Adonis-like armed guards, and the union leaders cry disappointedly: "We cannot even bomb the plant. There are too many guards. There should be a law against guards." Finally, the workers, in a burst of grateful loyalty to Daddy Warbucks, beat up the union leaders and tar and feather them. Through all these episodes, Little Orphan Annie herself appears only fitfully, and her sole function is to create sympathy for Daddy Warbucks, his anti-union policies and guards.

The "Little Orphan Annie" strip is published by 135 daily and 100 Sunday newspapers. Until Mr. Clendenin made his protest, their readers were being taught that all reform legislation of the Roosevelt administration, and all attempts to extend union organization, were no more than the tricks of one set of capitalists to ruin another set. They were being further taught that those who now rule industry are good and kindly, and that their rivals are evil. In a first-page editorial in his paper Mr. Clendenin declared that "'Annie' has been made the vehicle for a studied, veiled and alarmingly vindictive propaganda," and announced that the strip would no longer be printed in his newspaper. It remains to be recorded that he at once received a telegram from The Chicago Tribune's syndicate service reading: "Orphan Annie artist ordered stop editorializing and has already started new series. Feel sure you will like it."

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John Marshall's Long Shadow

THIS YEAR marks the centenary of John Marshall's death. Thus far our only commemoration has been the Schechter decision, in which the Supreme Court paid its greatest member the dubious honor of turning its back on his tradition of judicial nationalism. In 1901, when the centenary of his first term of Court was celebrated, there was much greater *éclat*. John Marshall dinners were held in all the large cities, and the corporation lawyers and political bigwigs made John Marshall speeches. Those were the days of a triumphant nationalism, just home from Cuba and the Philippines. Those were the days when the Populists were storming the state legislatures, and when the bigwigs were finding an effective incantation against them in lauding the man who had fashioned judicial review. Today a Marshall commemoration would be a double-edged sword. The Republicans fear it because Marshall exalted the national power and used the commerce clause (as Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Richberg sought to use it) as a lever by which he might move the economic universe. The Democrats fear it because Marshall exalted the judicial power, made the judges men like gods, and gave an enormous impetus to the fetishism of the Constitution.

Thus does an approaching campaign temper our historical devotions with discretion. But what inner contradictions were there in Marshall's thought that will explain these cross-currents of his influence today?

The shambling but iron-willed Richmond lawyer who was to preside over the Supreme Court from 1801 to 1835 did not seem earmarked by fate to play his great role. He was a frontier boy, but of good proprietary stock. He had been brought up in a high-minded and conventional home, his formal schooling was fragmentary, his legal training casual. Pope, Blackstone and Burke formed his mind; Hamilton's "Federalist" was his American Bible; George Washington was his archetypal hero. In such an education the Revolutionary War was a curious interlude, a sort of shadow-play in which Marshall went gallantly through all the motions of a minor young hero, experienced Valley Forge and came home to Virginia to be idolized by the girls. But that did not keep him, later in life, from repudiating "the wild and enthusiastic notions" of his youth. In the turbulent years of the Confederation he was dismayed at the agrarian unrest; as a member of the Virginia legislature he fought for ratification; he served a term in Congress; went to France on the famous XYZ mission; was Secretary of State in the closing years of John Adams' administration. For a time it looked as if

Marshall were only a second-string Federalist politician, caught like the other Federalists in a blind alley of history.

His class roots were theirs. His disarming democratic ways, casting a spell over his biographers, have tended to conceal this fact. An entire mythology has grown up around all the little tender and mildly heterodox ways in which the great Chief Justice half-outraged and half-titillated his friends by forgetting the dignity of his position. But while Marshall was no New England Brahmin or New York fashionable, he was actually a man of substance, with a deep personal and psychological stake in property. His business and political connections were with the men of funds and funded income, the lawyers and *rentiers*, the landowners and speculators, the shipbuilders, the merchants and manufacturers. He was himself a large landowner, up to the neck in suits over land titles. You have here only the lag that you will find in any man between his boyhood conditionings and his manhood maturities. The boyhood patterns linger on, outliving their utility or even their congruity, like the college-boy folkways in the chairman of a finance board, or a debutante whimsy in a dowager of fifty.

Much has been made also of Marshall's nationalist feeling, especially by his biographer, Senator Beveridge, who uses it to pattern Marshall's entire career. But it must be remembered that Marshall was to show himself, on the bench, as the best of the Federalist political strategists. And nationalism, however fatefully it may have been rooted in Marshall's personality, was also good strategy. After the XYZ affair Marshall came home to find himself a national hero, toasted everywhere. He saw that the common man, who would not respond to Federalist aristocratic theory, would respond to the same property interests when they were clothed in the rhetoric of the national interest. It was a crucial discovery and Marshall was to make the most of it on the judicial front, where he was to fight the battles of business enterprise.

For his mind was not that of the great lawyers, with their heavy erudition, their tortuousness, their narrow legalism, but the mind of a captain of industry with its powerful concentration on a single purpose. Like the elder Pierpont Morgan, he had mastered the art of finality; like him, he possessed a footloose opportunism in the service of a singular tenacity; like him, he was to be a magnificent dictator, dwarfing and intimidating his colleagues, polarizing around himself as a dominant personality the forces that were later to be institutionalized in the Court.

This was Marshall—a man who was not really to find himself until he reached the Court, and who

seems miraculously to have turned up in American history at just the point where a rising capitalism most needed him. So near a miracle does this seem that I am ready to pardon Senator Beveridge his four volumes of ecstasy and hosannas. Yet Justice Holmes seems nearer the truth. "A great man," he writes of Marshall, "represents a great ganglion in the nerves of society, or to vary the figure, a strategic point in the campaign of history, and part of his greatness consists of his being *there*." Marshall's role was to effect a nexus between the property interests under an expanding industrialism and the judicial power under a federal system of government. He was to be the strategic link between capitalism and constitutionalism. And for occupying that position in the campaign of history his experience and the nature of his mind fitted him superbly. Rarely in American history has the exterior tension of events been matched so completely by an interior tension of preparation and purpose on the part of the exactly right man.

Marbury v. Madison (1803) showed Marshall's daring and his mastery. He was seizing the first occasion to affirm the power of judicial review. Nor was his urgency either accidental or whimsical. It was the last-ditch necessity of the Federalist property groups when confronted by Jefferson's victory at the polls. The question of judicial review had been allowed only a few volcanic rumbles at the Constitutional Convention and after. Fearing the common man, the Federalists had not forced the issue. But when they were swept out of the presidency and Congress by the "revolutionary" wave of 1800, there was nothing to do but seek refuge in the judiciary, affirm its supremacy and claim for the Court the final right to pass on the constitutionality of legislation and the distribution of powers.

Marbury, one of the "midnight appointments" as justice of the peace, had not had his commission delivered. He now sought from the Court a writ of mandamus commanding the Secretary of State to give it up. Marshall was faced by a dilemma. If he denied Marbury's claim it would be an admission of judicial powerlessness. If he upheld it, Jefferson would undoubtedly say what Jackson was to say thirty years later, "John Marshall had made his decision, now let him enforce it." But Marshall, by a maneuver, managed to administer a public spanking to the new administration, assert judicial supremacy, yet leave Jefferson helpless to strike back. Marbury's commission, he said, was a valid one and Marbury had a vested right in it which it was the function of "a government of laws and not of men" to protect; having a right he had also a remedy, which was mandamus. But the Supreme Court, by its reading of the Constitution, could not have jurisdiction over such cases; and the section of the Judiciary Act that sought to confer such jurisdiction was therefore unconstitutional.

It mattered little to Marshall that if his conclu-

sion was valid and the Court had no jurisdiction, then his whole opinion up to that point was superfluous as law—an *obiter dictum* that was sheer political maneuver. Nor did it matter that to declare the section of the Judiciary Act unconstitutional he had to wrench it beyond all principles of statutory interpretation. He was setting the classic example for "judicial statesmanship." It was the formative period of American political life, when every important move was decisive for later power configurations. Legalisms did not count: what counted was the daring, decisive coup. From a legalistic standpoint alone, Marbury v. Madison has a nightmarish fascination. If ever the history of the Court is written with the proper cosmic irony here will be the cream of the jest. Upon this case, as precedent, rests the power of judicial review. Yet every part of its reasoning has been repudiated by commentators and later Court decisions, which none the less continue to exercise the power it established. "Nothing remains of Marbury v. Madison," writes Professor Grant, "except its influence." And its influence continues to grin at us from the Cimmerian darkness like the disembodied smile of the Cheshire cat.

What is the nature of Marshall's contribution to judicial review? He did not originate it, nor did he single-handedly establish it beyond all dislodgment. He added nothing substantial to the argument of the Federalists in the "great judiciary debate" in the Senate in 1802. Ultimately, the whole of the theory is in No. 78 of the Federalist Papers; in fact, much of Marshall's career may be viewed as a process of reading Hamilton's state papers into the Constitution. And yet his having translated these ideas into judicial action is Marshall's decisive achievement.

As to the permanence of his work, I find much in Louis B. Boudin's forceful contention that judicial review as we know it is primarily a post-Civil War creation, and that Marbury v. Madison actually decided only the Court's power to determine its own jurisdiction. And yet the prestige of the case went far beyond its strict legal effect; everything the Court drew upon after the Civil War in completing judicial review is already to be found in Marshall's opinion. And while the Court did not use judicial review against Congress again until the Dred Scott case a half-century later, it was because in all economic matters the property interests wanted to expand the national power. Where judicial review was used effectively during this period was with reference to state power. Marshall's role in this entire process was to give judicial review a foothold, use it for the immediate interests of the capitalism of his day, tie it up with the powerful appeal of nationalism and entrench it where a later stage of capitalism could take it up and carry it further for its own purposes.

The state legislatures in Marshall's day had an unseemly habit of being responsive to the economic

plight of the common man. What was needed was a way of using judicial review to keep them in check. Marshall's "contract clause" opinions were the answer. They stretched contract far beyond its contemporary meaning and gave it a sanctity overriding every consideration of public policy or economic control. Next to judicial review this doctrine of vested rights, as Professor Corwin has called it, was probably the most important invention in the history of the Court. It dominated the constitutional scene up to the Civil War, and it served as a model after which later doctrines, such as due process of law and liberty of contract, could be fashioned.

The first of these "contract cases," *Fletcher v. Peck* (1810), has been described as "a cornerstone of legal structure laid in mud." Behind it is one of the most malodorous episodes in American history, the Yazoo land frauds. Georgia had sold a strip of Indian lands half the size of New England to a land-speculation company for a cent and a half an acre. And every legislator save one had received a large bribe of land stock which could be disposed of for cash. The scandal broke, the people of Georgia, in a fury, elected a new legislature and rescinded the corrupt act. But meanwhile the speculators had sold their stock to Northerners, who now brought a trumped-up suit before the Court. Marshall's decision is breath-taking. He held that the Court could not concern itself with the alleged corruption of the Georgia legislature, and that the original grant was a contract that could not be impaired.

In the context of the land speculation of the day, the decision takes on meaning. Gambling in land values represented the principal financial activity in expansionist America at the turn of the nineteenth century, before industrialism came to overshadow everything else. Some of the most prominent men of the day had been involved in the Yazoo lands. Marshall himself knew land and loved land: land speculation was the breath of life in the circles that he moved in. The *Fletcher* case served as model during the next quarter-century for a series of important decisions in which Marshall and Story led the Court in holding the flimsiest of land titles legal. While hoping to encourage stability through the enforcement of contract, Marshall was actually encouraging the reckless development of economic resources and flagrant corruption in politics. The decisions were decidedly in harmony with the progress of an exploitative capitalism.

The contract cases made Marshall the best hated man in the country. State bankruptcy laws, squatter laws, tax laws fell under the interdict of "vested rights." Marshall made clearest the philosophy underlying all these decisions in *Ogden v. Saunders* (1827), in which a revolt of his colleagues had for once forced him into a solitary dissent. In an opinion breathing a weird Rousseauist natural-rights mysticism he insisted that "the obligations

created by contract . . . exist anterior to, and independent of society." But the case that comes closest home to us is the famous *Dartmouth College* case (1819), in which the issue was whether New Hampshire could make any changes in the charter it had granted the college. Every schoolboy knows Webster's eloquent plea ("It is, Sir, as I have said, a small college. Yet there are those who love it") and how Marshall, whom the Yazoo land scandals had left cold, wept over it. But few schoolboys know that the case had ultimately less to do with colleges than with the charters of business corporations; that sanctity of contract was invoked to give them immunity against legislative control; and that business enterprise in America has never had more useful mercenaries than the tears Daniel Webster and John Marshall shed so copiously that day. Later developments have stripped the decision of some of its starkness, yet the overmastering fact is that it set up an inviolability of corporate charters that has had slowly to be qualified, instead of starting at the opposite pole with a rule of legislative discretion and control.

It is, however, not with the states but on the national judicial-economic front that Marshall's greatest meaning for today lies. I can say this without succumbing uncritically to the elements of sheer rhetoric in Marshall's nationalism. That rhetoric, like the rhetoric of sanctity of contract, is best cleaved by the sundering blade of the logic of business interests. Its hollowness is most shockingly revealed by Marshall's serious negotiations with the New England secession movement on the eve of (and even during) the War of 1812. In the face of a war that was being fought for the agricultural rather than for the industrial and mercantile groups, his principles of nationalism were dangerously shaken. Marshall had little of the deeper national consciousness of the common man, based on national expansion and adventure and on the promise of American life. His was a theoretical, a strictly judicial nationalism.

Its guiding logic was the relation of the national power to the scope of industrial development. This is brought out clearly in his two famous nationalist decisions, *McCulloch v. Maryland* (1819) and *Gibbons v. Ogden* (1824). The first involved the constitutionality of the Second United States Bank. Marshall made it the occasion of his most resounding opinion, building a doctrine of implied national powers on the "necessary and proper" clause, and waving away Maryland's attempt to tax the bank with "the power to tax involves the power to destroy." Thus Marshall showed himself master of the two-way stretch, interpreting national powers broadly and state powers narrowly. In *Gibbons v. Ogden*, the steamboat case (Marshall's only popular decision), he construed the power of Congress to regulate commerce among the states so broadly that it became one of the most effective elastic clauses of the Constitution. These decisions were

part of the upswing of a rising capitalism. Through them Marshall sought to strengthen congressional jurisdiction over the two main lines of business expansion of the day—a national banking system and a national transportation system. In the early stages of industrial capitalism, the function of a central government was to ensure favorable conditions for the development of business enterprise.

Marshall here had the advantage of working with the course of history. He had vision enough to see that political power had to be coterminous with the scale of economic activity. He saw it only dimly, and it was obscured in his mind by a hatred of states' rights and of the common man, and by a protective obsession about the rights of property. But his historical meaning for us lies none the less in this dim insight of his. The position of his opponents, such as Jefferson and John Taylor, embodied an archaic economic vision, whatever the merits of their political views. They dreamt the Physiocratic dream of a society that was even then beyond recall—a republic of small farmers. They failed to see that technology was settling that question for them, and that the issue was now not between states' rights and national power, but between some form of control and no control at all. If, instead of following a policy of states'-rights obstructionism, they had come out frankly for national legislative control of the developing industrial system, Marshall's much vaunted nationalism would quickly have changed to a different tune. What it amounted to was aid and tolerance for business enterprise, both of them on a national scale.

As American capitalism developed it was inevitable that the mere absence of restraint over private property should no longer be adequate to resolve the deepening contradictions of economic life. In the search for new methods of economic control through the federal government, Marshall's judicial nationalism proved a memorable instrument. The Marshall technique of interpretation became a tradition that created new uses not only for the commerce power, but for the taxing and spending power of Congress as well. It is this technique which, since the eighteen-seventies, has formed one facet of judicial liberalism. And it was upon the continuation of this technique that the administration laid its hope for the New Deal legislation. Indeed, a very good case could have been made out, on the basis of continuous precedents since 1905, when the nature of our market economy had already become clear to some of the Justices, that all important business enterprise today is interstate commerce; that the whole industrial process is an unbroken chain flung out over a national market; and that every important link in that chain is therefore a link in interstate commerce.

But the important question, as we have since learned, is not whether the Court *could if it would* interpret the commerce clause broadly enough to

validate legislative control of industry, but whether it *would if it could*. And to explain its unwillingness we have to go back to Marshall as surely as we do when we wish to explain its competence. Marshall's class interest took two forms in his own thinking: the doctrine of the vested rights of property, and the doctrine of judicial nationalism. Each of these has given rise to a tradition that has been followed in the later history of the Court, the first principally by the conservatives, the second principally by the liberals. And it need scarcely be added that the dominant one has been not the broad interpretation of the Constitution in the interests of federal jurisdiction over industry, but the setting up of the Supreme Court as the guardian of the vested interests. In Marshall's thought, in the period of a rising capitalism, these two streams could flow together smoothly and feed each other. But the movement of economic events has caused a deepening cleavage between them.

Today, in a period of capitalist crisis, to follow Marshall's vested-rights tradition means to entrench further the hegemony of Big Ownership; to follow his tradition of judicial nationalism means for a time to salvage capitalism, but to salvage it by stripping it of some of its powers; and, more important, it means to maintain tolerable standards of wages and working conditions. Today, even more than in Marshall's time, the issue is one between national control of business enterprise and no control at all. What the Court thus far has done has been to turn its back on everything in the Marshall tradition that was worth following, everything that was an abiding part of the campaign of history. And it has chosen to cling to that part of his tradition which was narrow, immediate and actuated chiefly by a jealous and exclusive class interest.

For the liberals on the Court this was no easy choice. Nor did they make it as a deliberate preference for the interests of business enterprise. And here, for explanation, we must turn to a third element in Marshall's thought—that of constitutionalism, the supremacy and sanctity of the Constitution and of the Supreme Court as its exclusive interpreter and guardian. A potential liberal minority on the Court, far removed from a defense of reactionary capitalism, is none the less fearful of what may lie ahead in the unexplored vistas of hitherto unparalleled federal control of industry. And they find nothing to fall back upon except an austere constitutionalism and Marshall's doctrine of judicial supremacy. Like *Marbury v. Madison*, the *Hot Oil* and *Schechter* decisions express (for some of the Justices) a jealousy of the executive power, and the insistence of the judiciary that it alone can apportion powers among government departments. That is the meaning of the contentions about the delegation of congressional powers to the Executive. Unfortunately the Court liberals do not see that the constitutionalism which they regard as the safeguard of the polity is, in the hands of

the Court majority, not the expression of a tortured and sensitive conscience, but a stubborn defense of the *status quo*. And on the part of many people outside the Court this heritage from Marshall becomes a militant vigilantism that is violently opposed to any form of social change, is fed by Hearstian poisons, and is our peculiarly American form of supernationalism. It defeats the very purposes that Marshall's real judicial nationalism stood for. And it promises to form a considerable

part of whatever fascist future the unkind gods may have in store for us.

Thus there are three Marshalls alive today—a hundred years after his death: the Marshall of expanded national power; the Marshall of the protection of the vested interests; and the Marshall of a sacred constitutional fetishism. And it is the great irony of his place in the campaign of history that the last two have combined to kill their brother.

MAX LERNER.

Low-Cost Paradise

DURING the next six months, the Resettlement Administration plans to create twenty new suburban communities. Half of them, each of two thousand families, will be built on the outskirts of the ten largest cities; the other half, each of a thousand families, near ten medium-sized cities. Blueprints for the first of these communities, Beltsville, just outside the District of Columbia, are complete, and construction is expected to begin shortly. It will be solely for government workers, chiefly employees of the Department of Agriculture.

These communities represent the crystallization of two years' experimentation with low-cost housing. After the present P.W.A. slum-clearance projects are finished, it is very doubtful whether the government will undertake further low-cost-housing construction in congested city areas. The suburban community, connected with the city by rapid transit, is apparently established as the pattern of the future. It is an ironical fact that the construction of suburban communities on a large scale was one of the original New Deal plans for recovery, and barely missed being adopted in March and April, 1933.

Except in the case of Beltsville, the design of the twenty new communities has not been settled upon. Their general characteristics, however, can be described. They may be as far as four or five miles away from existing rapid-transit facilities. In such cases, the community will operate its own fleet of buses to the nearest railroad station. They can consist of multiple-family apartments, or single dwellings, or a combination of the two. A preponderance of opinion in the Resettlement Administration seemingly favors single dwellings. Construction will be of pressed composition block, and the size and arrangement of rooms, the size and placing of doors, windows and staircases, will be standardized, so that mass-production methods can be used. The buildings will be plentifully equipped with outlets for electricity, and have modern bathrooms, scientifically planned kitchens and laundries and modern heating plants.

The community, as a unit, will be laid out in accordance with advanced town-planning theories.

Through automobile traffic will be eliminated and every effort will be made to obviate the danger of street accidents to children. Each community will have a community building, schoolhouse, infirmary, shopping center, firehouse and possibly its own jail. Perhaps the chief unsolved question is how elaborate these communal facilities should be. A minority of Resettlement Administration experts are opposed to such things as, for example, community theatres, studios for groups interested in painting, music and handicrafts, tennis courts and golf links. With every evidence of moral indignation, they assert that it would be intolerable and un-American for the government to foist the more abundant life upon people seeking only cheap living quarters.

One decision seems definite. There will be no industrial enterprise in the community to afford employment for the inhabitants. This represents a departure from recent New Deal theories. For many months, the New Deal objective was a community in which the inhabitants would support themselves partly by work in a privately owned factory, partly by cultivation of truck gardens and fruit orchards. Arthurdale (Reedsville), the New Dealers' pride and joy, was devised in accordance with this plan. The Resettlement Administration experts, however, feel that such a scheme would place the inhabitants hopelessly at the mercy of the factory proprietor, and would result in company towns with all their familiar evils. In the new communities to be built by the Resettlement Administration, the inhabitant will gulp his morning coffee, dash for the 8:17 train to the city, and hunt employment as best he can. It will be noted that, to some degree, this runs counter to President Roosevelt's frequently expressed wish to bring about the decentralization of industry. Apparently, administration advisers are slowly coming to recognize that the decentralization of industry, without strong labor unions, has definite dangers.

How does the citizen go about obtaining a home in one of these government-built suburban Edens? For each project there will be an executive officer, and under present plans applications are to be

WHERE UNCLE SAM IS BUILDING

filed with him. He will choose among them as any other landlord would, seeking tenants with good records for paying their rent and not having liquor parties after midnight. A long record of being on relief rolls will be no recommendation. These are low-cost-housing projects, to be sure, but they are nevertheless expected to produce a scheduled annual revenue. Houses or apartments probably will be sold on a long-term basis, with a substantial down payment—\$500 is being considered—and monthly payments thereafter, rather than rented. Ownership of a home, however, will not be absolute. An owner will not be permitted to sell his equity except back to the government, so that the government itself will be able to select the next owner. Nor may he use the property for anything except strictly residential purposes. The result of such regulations will be that the character of the community should remain unchanged for years. A generation from now, people will have the novel experience of being able to recognize their childhood homes when they revisit them.

Except for the P.W.A.'s metropolitan slum-clearance projects, all of the government's low-cost housing has been turned over to the Resettlement Administration. A list of the projects now in its charge is given below. They are being reexamined, especially those still in the paper stage, and a considerable number may be abandoned. In addition to its inherited projects and its twenty suburban communities, the Resettlement Administration may also build a few purely rural communities. There are about 350,000 families in economically dead areas whom the government has pledged itself to reestablish in new occupations or new homes, or both. The Resettlement Administration hopes to move 50,000 of them by next July. In most cases, stranded farm families will be assisted on an individual basis, but here and there an effort may be made to set up a new small village. As in the case of the suburban communities, the subsistence-homestead philosophy will be junked. The inhabitants will be provided with good-sized farms, on which they will be expected to raise crops for the commercial market. It will be up to each man to make a profit, too, and pay his yearly instalment on his mortgage, or else surrender the land to the government for resale to a more enterprising spirit. It is hoped in the Resettlement Administration that farmers will form coöperatives, but where these are established, a man must still produce efficiently or be thrown out.

The following list contains only low-cost-housing projects transferred to the Resettlement Administration from the F.E.R.A. and the Interior Department. P.W.A. slum-clearance projects are omitted. Figures given are of various dates. In many cases, no figures of later than June 16, 1935, were obtainable. It should be borne in mind that the figures for allotments do not represent final cost. The figure for the homes occupied in the Red House project in West Virginia includes reconditioned houses.

State	Project	Allotments 000's Omitted	Homes Planned	Homes Completed or Under Construction	Homes Occupied
Alabama	Birmingham Hmstds	\$1,119	278	60	—
	Jasper Hmstds	369	124	24	2
	Tuskegee Hmstds	236	100	—	—
Arizona	Rural Homes	520	325	25	—
Arkansas	Fort Smith	100	50	—	—
	Helena Hmstds	80	40	—	—
	Ouachita Hmstds	suspended	—	—	—
California	Rurban Homes, El Monte	374	100	100	—
	Rurban Homes, San Fernando	127	40	40	—
	Denver Hmstds	365	100	—	—
Colorado	Pueblo Hmstds	200	100	—	—
Connecticut	Connecticut Rural Homes	100	20	—	—
	Delaware Hmstds	210	70	—	—
Delaware	Jacksonville Hmstds	297	100	—	—
Florida	Liberty County Hmstds	50	40	—	—
	Piedmont Hmstds	628	50	21	12
Georgia	Lake County Hmstds	511	50	—	—
	So. Ill. Hmstds	550	200	—	—
Illinois	Decatur Hmstds	149	48	48	48
Indiana	Granger Hmstds	246	50	50	—
Iowa	Louisville Hmstds	350	407	—	—
Kentucky	Morehouse Hmstds	112	50	—	—
Louisiana	Beltsville Hmstds	first project of new program			
Maryland	Mt. Clements Hmstds	281	100	—	—
Michigan	Austin Hmstds	168	44	44	—
Minnesota	Duluth Hmstds	150	40	—	—
Mississippi	Hattiesburg Hmstds	159	50	24	14
	Laurel Hmstds	suspended	—	—	—
	McComb Hmstds	160	31	20	3
Montana	Meridan Hmstds	86	25	25	22
	Richton Hmstds	400	80	—	—
	Tupelo Hmstds	85	25	25	22
New Jersey	Great Falls Hmstds	225	100	—	—
	Milk River Hmstds	255	40	—	—
	Jersey Hmstds	1,605	200	—	—
New York	Monroe Co. Hmstds	217	33	—	—
North Carolina	Penderlea Hmstds	1,594	300	20	10
	Raleigh Hmstds	195	60	—	—
	Dayton Hmstds	359	200	24	—
Ohio	Greater Cincinnati Hmstds	236	100	—	—
	Mahoning Gardens	500	137	—	—
	Tulsa Hmstds	125	71	—	—
Oklahoma	Clearfield Hmstds	250	100	—	—
Pennsylvania	Darby Hmstds	260	70	—	—
	Pittsburgh Hmstds	300	100	—	—
	Westmoreland Hmstds (Greensburg)	625	250	196	27
South Carolina	York Hmstds	200	100	—	—
	Greenville Hmstds	271	40	—	—
	La France Hmstds	50	20	—	—
Tennessee	Ware Shoals Hmstds	270	80	—	—
	Cumberland Hmstds (Crossville)	825	350	138	28
Texas	Beauxart Gardens	171	50	50	39
	Dalworthington	278	78	78	58
	Houston Gardens	287	100	100	100
Virginia	Marshall Gardens	125	50	—	—
	Three Rivers Gardens	152	50	50	27
	Wichita Gardens	176	62	62	50
West Virginia	Woodlake	328	101	101	93
	Newport News Hmstds	245	100	—	—
	Petersburg Hmstds	275	100	—	—
Washington	Shenandoah Hmstds	1,141	200	—	—
	Longview Hmstds	198	60	60	—
	Red House	710	150	150	153
West Virginia	Reedsville Experi- mental Community	1,500	190	177	48
	Tygart Valley Hmstds	675	270	280	51

Mr. Hoover's housing survey, three years ago, indicated that 70 percent of American homes were below minimum standards of decency. Until the Resettlement Administration's farm-home program has been more clearly defined, nothing can be said about its adequacy. In the case of its non-farm housing program, however, a judgment is possible. The full program for this year is comprised by the proposed twenty suburban communities, or 30,000 home units. According to a conservative estimate, at this year's rate the government will succeed in providing decent housing for all its citizens by the year 2500, or in about twenty-eight generations. No pretense is made, however, that the present program is adequate. The new communities do not represent the more abundant life; they are merely models of what the more abundant life will be like, when and if the government provides it.

It seems to me that two general criticisms may be made of the government's current program. The first concerns the hush-hush secrecy in which it is being carried out. After the social-security program and the \$4,000,000,000 work-relief program, no other activity of the government compares in importance and far-reaching implications with the building of these twenty suburban communities. Yet they have hardly been mentioned by administration leaders, and hardly a line about them has appeared in the press. The result is that low-cost housing still is not backed up by a resolution of the popular will. There is no popular determination to amend the Constitution, or to institute a heavier scale of taxation, if these steps are necessary—as they probably are—in order to provide the country with livable homes. Where this year's housing program ought to represent the start of a national crusade, in fact it represents the hopes of a dozen Washington officials, most of them unknown beyond the circle of their colleagues. It should be said, however, that many members of the Resettlement Administration believe that if their program were not semi-secret, the real-estate boards, mortgage companies and neighborhood banks of the country would have descended upon Congress, and there would be no housing program whatever.

The other objection concerns the program's lack of any socially determined criterion of quality. Because of its relative expensiveness, housing forms the most permanent element in the standard of living. In a period of rising wages, better food and clothes appear almost instantly in response to the increased effective demand of the workers, but better living quarters appear slowly, if at all. So, in a period of declining wages, the quality of food and clothing drops far faster than that of housing. At present, in the great cities it is possible to find families on relief in semi-starvation and semi-nudity who are living in substantially the same sort of tenements that they occupied in 1929. The quality of a country's housing largely fixes its standard of life for many years ahead.

When the Socialist government of Vienna set about providing model apartments for its workers, it said to itself: "The limit that Vienna can raise by taxation and borrowing is so much. What is the highest quality of housing that we can provide with so much money?" What the Russian government said to itself was: "Our total resources in men and materials are so much. Of this, the amount we can apportion for housing is so much. How good homes can we build?" In both cases, the quality of housing was fixed by the maximum available community resources. This is a criterion that makes sense. But in the case of the Resettlement Administration, what criterion is being taken? Avowedly it is that the housing should be so cheap that workers in the lowest wage group can afford to reimburse the government for its cost. To build housing to such a standard seems to me a great deal like national planning for poverty.

Resettlement Administration experts deny this, and back up their denial with considerable evidence. In the first place, the government will grant a construction subsidy, perhaps as much as 45 percent, and this amount the purchasers will not be required to repay. These experts point out that, by going beyond existing residential areas, they will obtain land at unprecedentedly low rates. Similarly, they are confident that their construction costs will be no more than half of those of previous projects. They assert that in their plans they have carried standardization to a point where the motions of a worker's hands will be as repetitive and rapid as those of a worker on an automobile assembly line. In purchasing building materials, particularly such things as household hardware, plumbing, heating plants, the fact that they must supply 30,000 home units should enable them to obtain extremely low prices. Most important of all, it seems certain that all labor is to be paid the W.P.A. security wage, far under the wage ever before paid on low-cost projects. It should perhaps be said that as yet the Resettlement Administration's plans exist only on paper, and their execution may not be so efficient as is now hoped. But the Administration's experts believe they will be able to attain a level of quality in their suburban communities equal to that of middle and upper-middle-class homes, and still ask no more than \$6 per month per room, probably less.

Nevertheless, this does not seem to me a complete answer. However good they may be, they are not going to be so good as the country could easily afford. In particular, the announced plans of the Resettlement Administration are silent on the critical question of the quality of community buildings. From a social point of view, probably there is an upper limit to the elaborateness that an individual home should be permitted to attain. Even if the resources of America would permit each individual family to have its own built-in pipe organ, picture gallery, conservatory, billiard room and swimming pool, such homes would be against public policy, since they would be tolerable only

with servants. But it is entirely possible for a group to own in common all the embellishments of the homes of the very rich. It is perhaps unfair to criticize the Resettlement Administration's plans for community buildings, playing fields and grounds before they are definitely formulated, but in the nature of the case, the Administration will not be able to provide community facilities commensurate with the country's resources. The standard that it must abide by will be fixed by the money it can wangle from the Works Allotment Board, which in turn must depend on the proportion of the President's \$4,000,000,000 fund unwanted for re-

lief, improvements to rivers and harbors, reconditioning of army posts, naval bases and a long list of other projects. Since the Resettlement Administration's twenty suburban communities, in all likelihood, will largely fix the permanent standard of life for some 30,000 families, this seems a frivolous method by which to determine what that standard should be. Certainly these families are being condemned to a less good standard than they would have enjoyed if the building of workers' homes were accepted as a national objective behind which all the available resources of the country were mobilized. JONATHAN MITCHELL.

A Plea for Anonymity

A GREAT deal has been said in the last few years—in the opinion of some a great deal too much—of the place and duty of the artist in society, his social contract, the necessity for class-consciousness and so on, and not unnaturally this burden, in so far as it has appeared to be a just one, was bound to fall most heavily on the literary arts: if only because they are the most completely articulate (in general terms) and therefore the closest to ordinary human consciousness. No one would deny, of course, that in the last analysis the basis for the judgment of the arts must be in a sense purely functional. What is esthetically "good" turns out, on examination, to be psychologically useful, and therefore socially useful, and on this basis a hierarchy of values could be worked out that would be both practical and sound. One of the elements in this hierarchy, but by no means the most important, would certainly be the political—the relation of the individual and his class to governmental or social forms at a given time and place. By no means the most important, because its validity is transitory and limited: it is a momentary aspect of a deeper universal, the relationship, simply, of man to man: and it will tend to achieve importance and permanence of value only in proportion as it speaks that universal language and avoids the merely temporary, or see the universal *in* the temporary.

However, it is not my intention now to venture into that much trampled region, beyond pointing out that the good artist must now as always turn his back on any attempt to hoodwink him into being merely a tool for party or sect. He has a deeper obligation than that, and perhaps we can say that in his awareness of it is the measure of his greatness. Just the same, we must admit that nowadays things are made very difficult for him. In the past few years every sort of attempt, by argument, by intimidation, by exile, by bribery, has been made to coerce him into this or that social or political faction or fashion. The tendency is if anything still

on the increase—we even see histories of literature written from an entirely proletarian point of view, a proceeding just as limited and meaningless and absurd as if they were written from a royalist point of view, or a Roman Catholic. This much we are all very much aware of, as of the exciting social changes and counter-changes that lie behind it, and if the individual artist here and there succumbs to the temptation or the pressure, it is not for lack of knowledge or warning.

But if the artist manages to escape this major assault on his freedom, whether by Communist or Fascist, other perils lie in wait for him which, if perhaps less obvious, are even more insidious; in fact, they are all the more insidious, and usually unperceived, simply because they are so commonplace, so much a part of our everyday scene. For it is true increasingly in all countries, but particularly true in America, that the artist, and especially the writer, is no longer expected to have any privacy whatever. From the moment that a young writer has, let us say, turned out a "promising" or brilliant first book, his doom is practically sealed. In a hundred ways, he is drawn into the whole hideous literary and journalistic and publicity racket: it is not enough that he should be able to write well or that he should have something to say: it is not enough, by any means, that he has produced a first-class poem, or a collection of short stories that shows him to be possessed of a genuine and original creative talent, or a novel that is clearly the first step in the evolution of an artist in fiction: no, like a movie star or a heavyweight wrestler or a prima donna, he must also prove to the public that he is interesting or peculiar as a *person*. He finds immediately that his career is not merely, as he thought, to write books, but—and more importantly—to appear, book in hand, in public.

The first of his enemies in this regard is only too likely to be his own publisher. The publisher will perhaps inform him that a literary career is not

nowadays only, or even largely, a profession, it is a business. The career must be "built up," and into this process of building the books themselves will go, certainly, but a great deal else besides. He must be properly publicized. His childhood, his early struggles, his parentage, his various jobs, the fact that he was an immigrant, that his father was a criminal, that he is blind in one eye, tubercular, has been married and divorced three times, plays golf or a left-handed violin, all this sort of thing must be dug out and sent to the newspapers, in order that X——, the author, that unknown quantity, may be made *real*. And this is only the beginning. It will be better still if X—— will permit himself to be interviewed, sketched, photographed, pipe in hand and cat on knee, or at work in his blacksmith shop or filling station, or standing on a wharf surrounded by very large fish.

This sort of thing will do, if X—— lives in the fastnesses of the country, but it is by no means the best. What is really indispensable, from every point of view, is that he should be persuaded to come to New York. He will be allowed to go back to his retreat from time to time, of course, but that he should put in a personal appearance in the great city is vitally important. He must come and join the literary herd, be personally inspected and pronounced good. Teas and cocktail parties are arranged for him, swarms of authors and editors will be there, and the gossip-writers and the agents, and in no time at all he finds that he is not only learning how to "make contacts" but also how best to make use of them. Insensibly, he casts himself for a part, a role; insensibly, and with perhaps genuine enjoyment, he begins to play it with increasing skill. He very soon knows how to meet the right people and to say the right thing, to appear or disappear at the psychological moment, with what gossip-column wits to keep in touch through witty postcards, and so on. The publisher is delighted, and so is he, for not impossibly his book begins to sell.

In this situation, it is perhaps unfair to blame the publisher wholly, since he simply takes advantage of an already existing condition: he is to blame, however, for helping to keep it going. Similarly, one cannot blame the second-rate editors and critics, and the gossip-writers, whose parasitism is their livelihood—though one could wish they did not exist. Scarcely more fair to turn and rend the poor author himself, for whom the trap has been so enticingly baited. He has, no doubt, a choice; but how much does it really amount to? On all sides he is assured that if he doesn't "play the game," join the herd and the racket, he might as well be writing his books in Sanskrit. Does he want his books to be read? Does he want to enjoy the influence that is his due, play the historical (and social) part to which the merit of his work entitles him? In this regard, it is pointed out to him, he has what might be considered a definite obligation: his work is important, and therefore he must give it a chance

to be known. If he chooses to remain buried in Centerville, then in all probability his work too will remain buried for all his lifetime, if not indeed forever; and what *should* have been his proper and fructifying influence on his own generation will have been forgone.

In other words, he is depriving himself not only of the livelihood that will permit him to go on with his chosen career, but also of the very thing at which his career is aimed—success as an artist. He must learn that to be a "successful" artist, in America, involves also being an acrobat, and joining the "big time." The temptation, as will be seen, is loaded and subtle: the poor bewildered creature feels that to ignore it would not be quite "manly," on the one hand—the avoidance of a real social obligation; and on the other, that it would almost certainly mean financial and literary failure. To this must be added the temptation supplied by mere vanity, the not unnatural desire to be "received" by the herd. Taken all together, the thing is too much for him; nine times out of ten, he surrenders and joins. And nine times out of ten, that is the end of him.

A curious and melancholy conspiracy, and it is not uninteresting to consider for a moment the "real social obligation" just referred to, which in turn connects so neatly with the Fascist and Communist pressure on the artist that I mentioned earlier. On inspection, they turn out to be facets of the same thing: the deep human instinct for conformity and the corresponding hatred and mistrust of the individual who is in any way exceptional. The desire of the public to meet and know the author, to see and hear him (and the publishers, the editors, the gossip-writers, the lecture managers, and so on, are in a sense become at present its means for doing so), is only in part a hero-worship; it is also a desire to be reassured. The public wants to find that he is just an ordinary fellow like themselves, has foibles and weaknesses and human traits, lectures badly, has a sense of humor, and in short is *not superior*. That is the important thing; in that, they tame him and feel that they can accept him, they paw him to receive him. In other words, the women's clubs and literary "gangs" who invite him to meetings are simply doing, in a more superficial way, precisely what the Communists or other political sects are trying to do: inviting, or compelling, the artist to undertake an *immediate* fulfilment of what they conceive to be his social contract, which means not his obligation to the past and future of man, but his obligation to themselves at that exact moment. And behind this, again, lies their unconscious and merciless and usually successful desire to reduce him, in this process, to their own level. They will compel him to talk their own language. To this end they are helped, of course, by the author's own tragic need to "join," to feel, if for only a moment, less alone. The poor devil gets tired of prophesying to the wind, he wants to hear some sort of answer. And at that moment they get him.

It inevitably results from this that literature in America has become an affair of social and sociological fashions, some on one level and some on another, ranging all the way from the most "popular" (best sellers, book societies and so forth) to the most esoteric (literary cliques and "group" magazines), but all alike in being corporate ballyhoos and in demanding strict adherence to a doctrine. The individual is being submerged, the clear notion of his value to society precisely as a non-conformist is being lost. No doubt it is idle, and perhaps it is too late, to protest about this, nor in a situation so complex and already so highly developed is it easy to suggest remedies. How can we set about ensuring for the artist that right sort of anonymity, that sufficient screen of isolation and inviolacy, which alone makes possible the fulfilment of his *essential* obligation? That he must have it goes without saying. It is absurd, and it is also our own profound loss, that we should go on expecting him to be not only an artist but also a kind of jack-in-the-box: that we should be less ready to honor him for his work than for what he is: and that we should therefore neglect him, as we almost invariably do, in favor of his ignoble confrere who shares one or another of the fashionable beliefs, dines with the right people and appears in the right places.

In this connection it is instructive and a little saddening to reflect on another but closely allied aspect of the American distrust of the artist simply *qua* artist: the vestigial, but none the less deep, feeling that to be just a painter or writer is not quite respectable, or "manly." With many editors it is still a matter of pride not that the stories or poems they print are good but that they happen to have been written by a plumber or a street-car conductor: as if the very fact that they had *not* been written by a "writer" gave them reality or value. The mere writer hastens therefore to conform. He tries to justify his shameful occupation by being in other respects one of the boys: whether as a bridge-player, or a bull-fighter, or a lawyer, or just a hard drinker, doesn't much matter. It proves that he's all right. Once that concession has been made, it will be only a question of time before his work proves all wrong. And he will himself have become one more obstacle in the path of the real artist.

Lowell remarked admirably in his essay on Pope: "It is only a great mind or a strong character that knows how to respect its own provincialism and can dare to be in fashion with itself." Nothing could be truer, and nothing at this moment more needs saying. Our writers must learn once more in the best sense how to *stand clear*, in order that they may preserve that sort of impersonal anonymity, and that deep and pure provincialism, in which the terms approach universals, and in which alone they will find, perhaps, the freedom for the greatest work. And we can help them by taking that terrible American offspring of Virgil's Fama, the ballyhoo, and wringing its neck.

CONRAD AIKEN.

Washington Notes

*Outlines of a Third Party—Will the Happy Warrior Fight?—Morgenthau vs. Tammany
—A Tip to Government Workers*

HEARST'S break with Mr. Roosevelt has revealed the definite outlines of a right-wing, Democratic, third-party movement. The chief agent of the group is Bainbridge Colby. Its strength lies largely in New England, New York, Maryland and the South. It seems to have a subterranean connection with Father Coughlin. Its strongest leaders are Al Smith, former Governor Ely of Massachusetts, former Chief Justice Pattangall of Maine and former Governor Ritchie of Maryland.

The most important revelation, however, is that attempts to form a coalition with right-wing Republicans have been abandoned. The reason is not difficult to guess. An intensive canvass by Republican politicians of their party organization has disclosed no strong left tendencies. The reactionaries among the Republicans feel confident that they will control the next convention and dictate the nominee. They see no reason why they should agree to divide up party honors and nominations with conservative Democrats.

A right-wing Democratic Party can have no hope of winning next year's election. The most that it can do is help defeat Mr. Roosevelt, as the Palmer-Buckner split-off in 1896 helped defeat the youthful W. J. Bryan. The motives of Democratic politicians in joining such a movement would be two. The first would be the immediate profit from campaign contributions that it would be certain to attract. The second would be that it would give them a way to maintain their Democratic orthodoxy, while keeping their connections with big business. As long as the new party is strictly a Democratic affair, its members can later return to the main-party sheepfold untainted.

Despite Hearst and Colby, it is by no means sure that a conservative Democratic revolt will occur. It will depend, it seems to me, entirely upon whether Mr. Roosevelt raises the constitutional issue during the next session of Congress. Perhaps "constitutional issue" is a phrase that should no longer be used, for it is rapidly coming to have a great emotional value and no meaning. It is here used to mean simply the right of the federal government to regulate wages, hours and working conditions among industrial employees. If Roosevelt should propose a constitutional amendment to restore the wages-and-hours provisions of the N.R.A., or to assure the validity of the National Labor Relations Board or the Guffey coal act, I would expect the Democratic right-wingers to found an independent party.

Whether a Democratic split, in itself, would be sufficient to defeat Mr. Roosevelt is by no means sure. Mr. Roosevelt must concede New England to the Republicans in any case. However, with the exception of Louisiana, it is doubtful if he can possibly lose the South. In 1896, Palmer received almost no votes in the South, although many Southerners regarded Bryan as a dangerous revolutionary. Probably the one state where an independent party could injure Mr. Roosevelt would be New York, where Al Smith still controls many thousands of votes.

Party loyalty is a religious passion with Smith, yet it is my judgment that he would be willing to join a dissident movement, and even be its presidential nominee. Among Democratic politicians, Smith is widely known and respected. He has tangible political power, especially in New York and New England. After he became President, Mr. Roosevelt had the choice of recognizing Smith as the satrap of New York and New England, and conducting patronage affairs through him, or else of overthrowing him and raising up a new overlord in his place. Mr. Roosevelt has done neither of these things. He has refused to deal with Smith, but because of the repeated blunders of Farley and his son, James, he has failed to build up a substitute boss. However, Smith can not maintain his influence indefinitely without fighting, and a third-party movement would give him the opportunity he needs.

An important factor in the situation is the quasi-reconciliation that has taken place between Smith and Tammany Hall. Although Smith was the late Boss Murphy's favorite political child, he was for years cordially disliked by Tammany. Under Boss Curry, Murphy's successor, the break between Smith and Tammany was complete. The present Tammany leader, Boss Dooling, owed his election partly to Farley, and at first was definitely partisan to Roosevelt and hostile to Smith. Secretary Morgenthau's moral fastidiousness has changed this feeling. Many of the best paying federal jobs are under the Treasury, and Morgenthau will not appoint anyone without an investigation as searching as that of an F.E.R.A. case-worker.

Perhaps the incident that aroused Tammany's indignation to its highest pitch was when Morgenthau refused an appointment to a minor Tammany leader on the ground that the leader's brother had been convicted of assault and burglary. While Tammany leaders nowadays tend to come from prosperous and respectable families, with a granite monument at Kensico and a summer place on Long Island, not so long ago it was traditional for a leader to have one brother in jail and one on the police force. Intermediaries tried to explain to Mr. Morgenthau that Tammany members did not understand niceties of this kind, but Morgenthau, a sincere civil-service reformer, remained adamant. The result has been a slow turning of Tammany sentiment in Smith's direction.

A few days ago, Luther C. Steward, president of the National Federation of Federal Employees, denounced the Roosevelt administration for its political jobbery. Except for the little islands of rectitude that Morgenthau is gradually creating in the Treasury, and for one or two of the New Deal agencies, Mr. Steward's accusations are true. But it seems fair to point out to him that the remedy lies chiefly in the hands of the government workers. If England can be taken as an example, the spoils system will end only when government workers become sufficiently militant and well organized to resist being kicked out of their jobs every four or eight years. With the beginning of unionization among English government employees, the demand at once arose for security of tenure, and after bitter conflicts with the government extending over many years, the fight has been largely won. If the spoils system in America is ever done away with, it will have to be by similar means.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Other People's Money

*Who Is Liable for the Dawes Bank Loan?—
Passing a Peak Backwards—The
N.R.A. Stirs in Its Grave*

A DELIGHTFUL little episode comes to light to brighten the already pleasant tale of that \$90,000,000 loan made by the R.F.C. to Mr. Hell-and-Maria Dawes's bank. First of all, though the loan was made in 1932, Mr. Jesse Jones discloses that only \$33,000,000 has been repaid. So Uncle Sam still holds the bag for \$57,000,000. However, Mr. Jesse Jones is trying to recover \$14,000,000 from the stockholders of the Dawes bank on the double-liability clause of the banking law. Mr. Jones now tells us that just before the last \$50,000,000 of that loan was ladled out to save Mr. Dawes's bank, the R.F.C. asked four Chicago law firms for opinions. It wanted to know whether, if the money were advanced to the Dawes bank and were not repaid, the stockholders could be held liable for it up to the amount of their stock—\$14,000,000.

The four law firms were Winston, Strawn and Shaw; Pam and Hurd; Cassels, Potter, Bentley and Mayer; and Meyer and Austrian. Mr. Jones says they all agreed that the stockholders would be liable, and that the R.F.C. relied on those opinions in making the loan. What, he now exclaims, was his embarrassment and amazement when he filed suit against the stockholders and then found them resisting the suit and represented by two of these firms—Winston, Strawn and Shaw, and Pam and Hurd.

The Strawn involved here is Mr. Silas H. Strawn, former president of the United States Chamber of Commerce and one of those gentlemen who at frequent intervals lecture the government and the people and labor and others on their rights and duties. Of course, he stoutly defends his action. He was asked, he admits, by the R.F.C. at the time of the loan whether a transfer of assets by the bank as collateral for the loan would affect the liability of the stockholders. He advised that it would not. Whether there was in fact any liability was a point, however, on which he was not called to give an opinion.

Here is legal reasoning at its best. The R.F.C. was about to hand out \$50,000,000 to the Dawes bank. It wanted to know if it could do so with safety. One element in that safety was the liability of stockholders for the obligations or defaults of the bank. One would suppose that the R.F.C. was very keen to know if there was any such liability. That is why the lawyers were consulted. But Mr. Strawn says he advised that what the R.F.C. was about to do did not affect the stockholders' liability, but did not say whether there was any liability or not. Now as Mr. Jones sues these stockholders, Mr. Strawn appears for some of them to resist the suit on the ground that they are not liable. We have no doubt that all this is in keeping with the best traditions and highest ethics of that amazing institution—the financial bar.

President Roosevelt says that the peak of the emergency has passed and this enables him to make certain administrative rearrangements. Who can doubt that the peak has

passed? Unemployment, which was 10,122,000 in October, 1933, when the emergency was quite savage, is now only 11,000,000 with the emergency tamed. Government expenditures, which were \$980,000,000 in July and August of the last fiscal year, were \$1,249,000,000 in the same months this year. The public debt has risen two billions. The relief rolls are heavier. Yes, the peak has been passed. Happy days are here again!

There is another bright symptom. The papers proudly announce that in the first seven months of this year \$994,000,000—nearly one billion—of new securities were released for issuance by the S.E.C. Since the most important factor in recovery is the revival of the capital-goods industry, here is the evidence of that happy event. But an analysis of the securities issued shows that only about \$42,000,000, or less than five percent of the total of these new securities, were for new capital purposes or will find their way into the capital-goods industries. The rest were issued to pay old debts (refunding operations), to enable investment trusts to purchase existing shares, for conversion purposes, or are to be held for future conversions. The capital-funds market has never been at such a low point as it is now. In the meantime, while the bank deposits under the feeding of government loans continue to grow, commercial bank loans continue to diminish.

One thing that is doing very well, however, is the profits of large corporations. Here is a tabulation of the combined profits of 388 corporations during the first half of each of the last three years:

1933	\$ 77,000,000
1934	380,700,000
1935	437,600,000

This is a good place and time to remind everyone that a drive for a revival of the N.R.A. is well under way, is gathering force, is the one thing the President is bent on doing when Congress reassembles and that it will, along with the bonus, be one of the big issues before the next Congress. William Green is pressing it. He is prepared to let business in with its trade codes again. All the warnings against the N.R.A. when it was first broached were ignored by labor. And every evil promised when the thing was launched has come to pass. That grave experience has had no effect upon Green's mind. He is ready for another go at it. The Federation of Labor seems to be willing to do anything for labor save the one and only thing that can do it any real service—namely, get out and organize all labor into a militant body that will fight its own battles and win its own victories. Already the Wagner Labor Relations Act seems to be fading into a frail instrument even before it is used. Yet this is what Green called the "magna charta" of labor only a few days ago, just as he called the N.R.A. and Section 7a the "magna charta" of labor in 1933.

J. P. Morgan and Company is back in the security business. It's two corporations instead of one, one for banking, one for security selling—the old dodge. With this we may pronounce the New Deal's vaunted separation of investment and commercial banking dead. JOHN T. FLYNN.

From the New World

PEASANTS," still at the New York Cameo Theatre, is a film that it would do anybody good to see. It is solid and slow, but with enough shift of motion to keep it alive. Friedrich Ermler, though not among the great experimenters, has been shrewd enough in picking and choosing among such treatments as have been developed, to give his story the depth and body-warmth he was after.

The picture is simple, unaffected and full of natural juices, flavors, smells. The setting is a collective pig farm, as a consequence of which you can't go anywhere in the picture without falling over the pigs, and the pigs can't go anywhere without scaring the feathers off a brood of hens, the silly, solemn things always shrieking off in preposterously wrong directions, and there can't be a tangle of human affairs so hectic that we may not be brought up short by cutting suddenly to the cow—placid, full of reflections and cud, forbearing in her wisdom to speak out on the vanity of all vanities and yet with just a trace of being the most supremely foolish animal that ever fell through her own manure trap and got drowned from the sheer surprise of it.

This is not as good a still-picture of farm life as "The Old and the New," but it has something that film greatly lacked: it has a clear line of development and a good dramatic strain. The idea was to show the danger to collective farming in the U.S.S.R. of kulakism; but Ermler has got far enough away from the didactic bones of an idea in his preoccupation with showing its side-lights, tragic or humorous, with making a good moving story out of the lives and troubles of these people, so that the idea becomes subconscious and implicit with him.

The plot, in essence, might be the story of reform on the ranch, the hands brought around to the side of the new boss, the rustlers scotched (and yet there is something more here, something real to hope for in the rough spots). There is a villain, a murder thereby, a detection thereof (and yet it was his girl he killed; he wasn't a villain out of sheer badness and choice, it broke his heart). And the chief has not only got a dominant role, he commands the picture in his own right—Nikolai Bogolyubov, a fine figure of a man, strong in a flannel shirt, resourceful and brainy, but worried into scratching his head, into walloping the table and saying god damn.

But there are several others in this company who are more than sufficient in their parts: the girl, her lover, her brother, the old peasant who gets his beard snipped finally, on account of their succeeding in getting a bath built and him into it. And there is quite a range of strong effects, as in, for one thing, the love scenes, gay, vital, beautifully awkward; as in, for another, that business of the dinner, with everybody sweating *pirojki* out by the quart and still stuffing, or cheating about it, scared of giving in first. And as in the action which dominates the picture, namely that leading up to and away from the murder, with the man terrified out of his mind, trying to cover it up as suicide by hanging the dead girl from a limb, desperate with his private fear, yet cherishing that bright body, staying to clear the foot of a wisp of straw caught, unsightly, between the toes.

These things are difficult to attempt and harder to accomplish, and there are noticeable detractors. There is still a little heavy slugging of the moral, there is still an unclearness of sequence, and there is still too much reliance on printed titles (Came October, etc.), too much time given to phony and unhelpful camera work. And the picture could stand cutting.

But there is something shoring such a picture up against all objections, from underneath. There is all this business of living as it is lived, natural, human, not pretty, but great to see. A man with a sudden itch, say; a man sneezing into his beer, making sly with his girl or badgering with his pig, confidential and off his guard. These gestures from life, quite apart from whatever delight we may take in them as such, serve a very real purpose. They further the illusion, they heighten drama immeasurably. If this man is a real man and if he has kicked his wife in an unfortunate spot, and is broken up over it, why you are sorry for him, you bleed. If people, with their dirt and earnestness and sniffing noses, are real people, and a man speaks, over a dead friend, words strong enough

and beautiful and simple enough to move them to real tears, then it is enough to move anyone to furtive wipings.

And there is something more in this treatment of characters in a play, something partly responsible for and partly released by its naturalism of procedure. The makers of a film like this manage to pervade the whole, finally, with one dominant characteristic—the compassion and tolerance and fierce love, the absolute tenderness they have for these people. The peasants are exasperating, of course, they are fractious, easily befuddled, sly in the wrong dodges and they smell to heaven. But they are ours (this is how it works), our people, to be helped rather than sold something, to be understood and appreciated and spanked into the best way, with firmness and loving care.

Purely in terms of film making, there have been no great Soviet pictures since "Storm Over Asia" and "The Mother," but in terms of the humanities there is something here, a tendency and broad feeling, that will surely be released some day into a work second to nothing whatever, a sort of wonder of the modern world.

OTIS FERGUSON.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Mr. Roosevelt and Foreign Policy

SIR: May I call the attention of American young people—and those older, for that matter—to the President's August 24 radio speech?

The President gave us his philosophy for our social and economic future, and omitted . . . all reference to America's foreign policy!

His request for the thought of youth is a direct challenge to our generation. We would perform a genuine service to the nation if we call the President's attention to this omission in his speech, and ask him why he was silent on the factor most important to our economic recovery, and even to the survival of our civilization.

JESSE M. MACKNIGHT.

Washington, D. C.

Where Diamond Jim Got It

SIR: Few who read the advertisements or see the film about Diamond Jim Brady will appreciate the part that his diamonds played in bringing the American railroads to their present sad estate. Diamond Jim was a master salesman in the days when bribery was far more rampant than it is today. In fact it was the accepted method, especially in the railway field. Diamond Jim had the faculty of getting next to the higher-ups and in that way grabbing off the big orders that brought his commissions up to the diamond-buying point.

Jim was a glamorous chap in those days, when I knew him and his brother. But it takes only a little reflection to bring several points out very clearly. In the first place no official of those days would give the orders that Jim took without getting something himself. Second, no salesman could pay such officials their rake-off and still have enough left to invest more than a million dollars in diamonds, unless his own commission was extremely liberal. Third, the gratuities received by the officials and the commissions during the days of the diamonds, the sumptuous dinners and other extravagances, made the supplies bought by the railroads cost a lot more than they should. In other words Diamond Jim's millions and the conditions that made these commissions possible, were paid for by the stockholders of the railroads and by the public. They added in no small measure to the inflated inventories with which the accounting departments saddled the railroads.

New York City.

JOHN J. JOHNSON.

Bargaining under the N.L.R.A.

SIR: In my letter of August 9, I did not attempt to assess the ultimate validity of Mr. Mangold's conclusions, contained in his articles of July 17 and 31, regarding the prospective effectiveness of the National Labor Relations Law. Upon that subject, a-priori debate would merely parade many familiar dogmas both pro and con, and might well prove endless. I prefer to await the test of experience. The only point I raised was that so far as *appeared* in his articles, Mr. Mangold's three major conclusions were derived solely from three substantial and easily ascertainable misstatements of fact about the legislation. Certainly that was an issue worth raising, and there is nothing in Mr. Mangold's answer which meets the issue.

1. Mr. Mangold now admits that he was in error when he stated that the law does not allow classification of employees according to "craft" for the purposes of collective bargaining. Nor does he deny that his original conclusion regarding the supposed limitations imposed by the law upon the size of the bargaining unit was based patently and predominantly upon this error.

2. In attempting to bolster his position of July 17 that the Railway Labor Act of 1934 permits employees of more than one employer to be joined in a single bargaining unit, Mr. Mangold now quotes Section 2, Paragraph 2 of that Act. But he offers no answer to the citation (Section 2, Paragraph 9) contained in my letter of August 9, a citation which forces a contrary result. I might add that before writing my first letter to The New Republic, I consulted Dr. William Leiserson, chairman of the National Mediation Board, which administers the Railway Labor Act. He informed me that the only interpretations and practices under the 1934 Amendment, as well as in the long history of its predecessors, have been to confine the selection of representatives to the employees of a single employer.

In addition, Mr. Mangold now asserts that if a power of wider classification exists under the National Labor Relations Law, it is merely "implicit," and might therefore be thwarted by the courts. But he ignores the quotation from the law contained in my letter of August 9, which demonstrates that the broader power is most explicit.

3. Mr. Mangold stated clearly in your issue of July 31 that the company-union provisions of the National Labor Relations Law would be ineffective *because* they merely prohibited employers from forcing employees to "join" company unions, while the true

sources of evil were unilateral acts of employers that "covered" or "included" their workers in sham unions. This is certainly a criticism leveled against the supposed *language* of the law. And it is a criticism based first upon a direct assertion that the law contains a provision which in fact it does not contain, and secondly upon an implication that the law does not contain provisions which in fact it does contain in elaborate detail.

The core of Mr. Mangold's latest argument is that even if his prior statements as to what the law contained were incorrect, there are other good reasons why the law will prove ineffective. Possibly so. Possibly, too, any language in any law may be warped by the courts. But it is nevertheless axiomatic that any fair discussion of legislation must commence with an accurate statement of the vital portions of its text. I still believe that Mr. Mangold's articles of July 17 and 31 are filled with significant inaccuracies, express and implied, and that his answer to my letter of August 9 tends, unintentionally I am sure, to obscure these errors by shifting to novel grounds of attack.

ROBERT F. WAGNER.

Senate Office Building, Washington, D. C.

SIR: According to Senator Wagner, I have abandoned my original arguments against Section 9b, finding them weak and unreliable, and have taken up new ones that obscure the real issue. For the record, accordingly, I should like to note that my criticism of Section 9b in *The New Republic* of July 17 was that it was ambiguous. Its ambiguity, I observed, might permit a labor board to interpret it adversely in the case of certain types of unions (including craft unions). This is still the chief question, and I think the answer to it may be found by looking at the Act itself.

Section 9b gives the labor board the power to decide whether the "unit appropriate for the purposes of collective bargaining shall be the employer unit, craft unit, plant unit or any subdivision thereof." Does this wording permit discrimination against craft unions, for example? I think it very plainly does. The board can decide that an *employer* unit, or a *plant* unit, or *any subdivision thereof*, is preferable to a craft unit for collective bargaining. In my reply to Senator Wagner, printed in *The New Republic* last week, I admitted that I was in error in saying that the term "craft unit" had been deleted from the Act. From this admission Senator Wagner assumes that my original conclusion regarding the possible limitations imposed by the law on the size of the bargaining unit was based "patently and predominantly upon this error." He says I do not deny this. Of course I deny it. For my conclusion was based predominantly on the inclusion of employer unit, plant unit, or any subdivision thereof, as bargaining units.

No comparable language affecting the size of the bargaining unit is to be found, so far as I know, in the Railway Labor Act. Senator Wagner thinks differently and cites Section 2, Paragraph 9. But as he himself points out, this section pertains merely to the selection of representatives. I have no doubt that Dr. Leiserson is correct in saying that it has been the practice to confine the selection of representatives to the employees of a single employer. Clearly, this does not mean that the *bargaining* unit cannot include the employees of more than one employer. In fact Section 2, Paragraph 2, which I quoted, specifically declares that "all disputes between a carrier or carriers and its or their employees shall be considered between representatives designated by the carrier or carriers and by the employees thereof interested in the dispute." Now the Wagner Act contains no language comparable to this. On the contrary, it continually refers to "employer" in the singular and, in Section 8, declares that it shall be an unfair labor practice for "an employer" to refuse to bargain collectively with the representatives of "his employees."

I do not pretend to know, of course, how the labor board or the Supreme Court will view this problem. I do believe, however, that Section 9b is sufficiently ambiguous for labor to be suspicious of it. Should it be interpreted to limit the bargaining unit to the employer unit, or some subdivision thereof, it might easily hamper the independent unionization of workers on an industry-wide basis.

WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

New York City.

San Francisco Prepares for Disaster

SIR: That San Francisco's proposed "disaster ordinance" is aimed primarily at possible future labor disturbances there is the conviction of California liberals, despite assurances to the contrary. The Commonwealth Club, Junior Chamber of Commerce, and American Legion are sponsoring the plan. Major General Paul B. Malone, commander of the Ninth Corps Area, has put the army's support behind the ordinance. Professor Edgar E. Robinson, Commonwealth Club president, keynotes the proceedings: "A glance backward thirty years shows us a San Francisco that was unprepared for disaster. Today in looking forward we must firmly resolve to plan for the unexpected as never before and in detail. After fifteen years discussing a disaster program, we need not postpone our action longer."

In effect, the ordinance creates a separate police power, with the officers of the various utilities forming a special committee to keep open the avenues of transportation and communication, and guarantee heat, light and water.

Liberals clever at adding two and two and even larger figures note that the disaster-ordinance plans got under way almost thirty years after the Big Fire but just a month after labor's second march in memory of Howard Sperry, who was shot in the back a year ago during San Francisco's dock strike. Watched by wordless multitudes, 50,000 San Francisco workers marched silently up Market Street the day of his funeral, forming a strange, solemn cortege that San Franciscans will never forget. Immediately afterward, the general strike began.

This year labor marched again in honor of Howard Sperry. San Franciscans were startled and impressed when between 15,000 and 20,000 union men again filed silently up Market Street. There was this difference in the parade: where last year they were missing, this time master mariners had left their posts to walk in step with denim-clad dock men and uniformed seamen. A master mariner of the McCormick line was dismissed from his position immediately afterward. . . .

Oakland, Calif.

MARIA SANTIAGO.

Extracts from Letters

THE New Republic has received an account of the work of the Chest for Liberation of Workers of Europe from its executive secretary, Harry Lee Franklin. The organization is affiliated with the A.F. of L., William Green is its president, and its object is to aid the trade-union victims of the Nazi regime in Germany. A network of local Chest committees is being organized through the central labor groups in many cities. Chest committees already have been established in New York City, Boston, Chicago, Milwaukee and Los Angeles, as well as in a number of smaller communities. More than \$40,000 has been raised, of which \$30,000 has been sent to Europe to aid trade-union refugees from Germany, Austria and Italy. Five thousand dollars has been contributed by the United Mine Workers, and \$2,500 by the New York Joint Board of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. The organization also seeks to promote the boycott of German-made goods voted by the A.F. of L. at its San Francisco convention last year.

A consumers' coöperative has been formed in Boston. Persons living in or near Boston who would like to obtain information regarding this activity may do so by addressing Charles T. Jackson, Boston Consumers' Coöperative Association, 6 Boylston Place.

Miss Sue Adams reports on conditions in Gallup, New Mexico, pending the trial of the fourteen miners who are now charged with murder as a result of a disturbance last April in which a deputy sheriff was killed. Very severe repressive measures against workers and sympathizers are being taken by the local authorities and volunteer vigilante groups of citizens, according to Miss Adams, and relief allotments of striking miners and their families have been reduced to virtually starvation levels. Miss Adams urges that persons interested in the case send protests against terroristic methods to Governor Tingley at Santa Fé, New Mexico. Money is urgently needed for the defense of the miners and contributions should be sent to the Gallup Defense Committee, Box 204, Denver, Colorado.

Brussels Carpet

FROM MY window, here in town for the day, show the buildings of Radio City. Today there are clouds of such a height that only a part of a tower counts, the rest fades out into a most non-utilitarian vagueness. I like the mists and the Radio City tower—doubtless fog taste, rather than functional—though I like the tower's lines and height even in the clearest sunlight. At any rate, this brings us to my carpet and "The Victorians and Their Reading."¹

As to the carpet, Brussels carpets are not easily picked up. In decorators' shops they are to be found in original bits or are to be had sometimes in reproductions, violent or swishy, and always dear. I have seen them also on Mexican, Italian or Spanish altar steps. Small comfort in that. And once how plentiful they were! It is, therefore, not hard to imagine the pleasure when a friend and I came on a floor of Brussels in a tiny Connecticut parlor. The old lady owner, long past eighty, living at the last not on coupons but out of her deposit box at the bank, had died and the little house had gone to three nieces in Pennsylvania. From the village butcher we heard that the effects were to be sold off at auction, and then next day we learned that there would be no auction because the best pieces in the house had been stolen out of it already before the heiresses arrived. It seems there were a set of chairs, probably very thin, and certain provocative mats, clocks and mugs in the early manner, commercial and competent where I should have wanted only the Brussels carpet.

At any rate, passing their way, I engaged to call on the three new owners that night after dinner and see what there might be in the house that they would care to sell and we to buy.

The house stands close up by the road, a narrow white house with a small porch, shadowed by great maples on either side, almost pitch black, indeed, by the time we arrived that evening. Then all was like a farce, what an immortal farce! As we drew up to the house we saw, in the dark, three tall forms all the same size, sitting on the porch, saw them all three stir, and three flashlights come on. [There is no doubt that life can be delicious at times.] At any rate—all of us being now indoors examining—the ladies would sell the carpet pieces for three dollars and a half, if that was satisfactory, what with the rotten places due to the cistern under the house, and some leaks at the windows, and the carpet strips having been moved from Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, over sixty years ago, and cut up. With the word, we dropped on our knees and began tearing the strips from the floor.

I recall these Brussels carpets from my childhood. I remember (weakly, traditionally and romantically) one in particular at my cousin's house: a carpet of the superior type known as velvet Brussels. It was prune-color with round wreaths of pink roses over it. Such a carpet in the South, I should think, would, according to Mr. John Chamberlain, be unproved. A recent article of his in The New York Times lumps together as *realists* a whole group

of authors from Mr. Thomas Wolfe [at his best moments the master of the highest lyric reflective poetry in American fiction today] to Mr. William Faulkner [often sheer horror—Gothic grotesqueness]. The number of authors thus lumped together as *realists* affords Mr. Chamberlain enough realistic witnesses to find what he calls their South more credible than the South that I, for one, have sometimes written of. (For the most part this South of mine that he speaks of was the planter—one-fifth of the whole population—and seventy-five years ago!)

Nevertheless, the carpet my friend and I took from the little house near the road and now possess is a bold affair. It has a tremendous whirl in the design, plenty of rose, yellow, puce and the royal blue that was seen on the porcelain of Gladstone's time. The design belongs to the Winterhalter period. It is certainly bolder than a suite of triangles, for example, such as we sometimes now see, or than pipe-lines or stacks of cones. It could not belong to the masses because the masses cannot invent so intricate and superb a pattern in line and color. Whoever designed this carpet knew something, and whoever bought it wanted something. At least that much for each of them.

All this brings me softly to a soft book. "The Victorians and Their Reading" is a mild work, risking no passion but setting down rather the preferences of the Victorians from the accession of Victoria in 1837 to the advent of the nineties, when cultured eyes looked backward somewhat roughly. For most readers, especially those full of isms, protest meetings and matters hot with dangerous solutions, often based on safe jobs and incomes; this book is of value. Ridiculous and proper as the outer aspect of Victorian life may have been very often, the fact remains that there was more commotion and upheaval about definite standards and principles than we should find today. Page after page of this volume will show that where in many of us today there is only a certain emptiness, uncertain chaos and faint dawn of theory, all largely borrowed from Europe, there was in these Victorians a genuine grapple of forces. They had convictions, systems and reverences to be set in conflict with the new ideas and movements arising. Many of them, for all their smugness, their snobbery, their conservatism, or their eye toward the main chance, paid, nevertheless, and often paid heavily and even passionately, for these changes going on in themselves and around them.

All this is obvious, just as the carpet and its character are obvious. But the book helps us more easily to recognize that fact.

"The Victorians and Their Reading" in its divers chapters treats of the Tractarians, Dickens, the Great Novelists, Science and Religion, and various other forces and influences.

The worst element, perhaps, in this Victorian period is the rise of the middle-class mind and taste, not without its indebtedness to the good, firm Queen.

Sir Edmund Gosse, who had seen something of them, said to me once that the point of attack from the younger generation was the fact that the Victorians were such liars. In his opinion the succeeding generation could not forgive the Victorians their monumentally closed eyes and lips when it came to the gap between moral profession and actual performance.

STARK YOUNG.

¹ The Victorians and Their Reading, by Amy Cruse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 444 pages. \$4.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Poet's Privacy

CONRAD AIKEN'S "Plea for Anonymity," printed in this week's New Republic, is one of those essays that I like tremendously and disagree with violently. I like it because Aiken attacks the whole crazy system of personality-puffing and literary ballyhooliganism, and because his own practice agrees with his preaching. He has never let himself be drawn into those nudist camps, where authors parade without so much as a last fig leaf of self-respect. But I disagree with Aiken's essay because I think it is based on a questionable theory of art and politics.

Let me choose three quotations for comment and dispute.

First: "What is esthetically 'good' turns out, on examination, to be psychologically useful, and therefore socially useful, and on this basis a hierarchy of values could be worked out which would be both practical and sound."—I wish I could share Aiken's simple faith in the psychological usefulness of the esthetically good. Some of the passages in world literature that are esthetically best—as, for example, the suicide of Kirillov in "The Possessed" and Baudelaire's apostrophe to the two Lesbians: "*Descendez, descendez, lamentables victimes*"—have done a tremendous lot of psychological damage that social historians could trace in diaries and letters and novels. But the point in this sentence with which I really differ is the short phrase, "and therefore socially useful." It goes back to the conception of society as an arithmetical sum of individuals, whose psychological patterns add up into the general social pattern. Anthropologists don't hold this conception and even psychologists are ceasing to hold it. They are beginning to say that "the individual," as presented in political speeches and textbooks on moral philosophy—the individual as divorced from the community in which he lives—is a metaphysical abstraction.

But let's pass on to the second quotation, which continues the same argument. "One of the elements in this hierarchy, but by no means the most important, would certainly be the political—the relation of the individual and his class to governmental or social forms at a given time and place. By no means the most important, because its validity is transitory and limited: it is a momentary aspect of a deeper universal, the relationship, simply, of man to man."—I don't know just what Aiken means by the relationship of man to man. But I take it that he means sexual love, parental love, friendship, respect, hatred, etc. The assumption would then be that these relationships were unchanging—in contradistinction to the relationship between social classes, which are transitory. This simply isn't true. A few months ago—to give one item of disproof—I reviewed a book by Margaret Mead, "Sex and Temperament in Three Primitive Societies." The author was trying to find out whether there were any constants in the relationship between men and women in different primitive cultures. She couldn't find any. In one tribe, marriage was a gentle and stable relationship of equals, in another it was an unstable and violent relationship of equals, in still another the women had "male" characteristics and ruled, the man had "female" characteristics and submitted. In one tribe both mothers and fathers loved and cherished their children; in another tribe both mothers and fathers hated and neglected them.

History gives still more striking examples of these changes

in personal relationships. There have been patriarchal families, matriarchal families, polygamous and polyandrous families; today there are bourgeois families, experimental families, and each type is distinguished by a different ideal of man's part, of woman's part, of filial obedience. That "deeper universal, the relationship, simply, of man to man," has changed almost as rapidly as the broader social relationships, and is, indeed, almost impossible to understand without them. The simple statements, "He was my father and I killed him," or "She was my sister and I married her," would have an entirely different emotional meaning in different tribes or civilizations. In some, they would be a factual statement of cause and effect. But we are trained to believe that our institutions are eternal and universal, that capitalism is the "normal" economic relationship and the bourgeois family the "normal" relationship of individuals. It is a point of view lacking in perspective and one that prevents us from realizing the changes that are taking place in our own families and professions. A better social theory might also lead to our writing better drama and better fiction.

On account of this intermingling of art and politics, we have to change our arguments against political censorship. What Aiken says on this subject seems wistful and innocent: "Just the same, we must admit that nowadays things are made very difficult for the good artist. In the past few years every sort of attempt, by argument, by intimidation, by exile, by bribery, has been made to coerce him into this or that social or political faction or fashion."—Aiken regards this as being a very bad state of affairs indeed. I should regard it as being a good or at least a promising state of affairs. It shows that political leaders recognize the importance of literature. When they cease to bribe or coerce or intimidate writers, then it is time for the writers to worry. But I also think it is a healthy state of affairs when the writers fight back, when they tenaciously defend their freedom. And they are by no means helpless: they have weapons on their side, if they know how to use them. In the Soviet Union, for example, they have won a great many intellectual privileges during the last three years and have routed the worst of the censors. The strength of the Soviet writers lies in the fact that the political leaders want and need their support, and are willing to grant a great deal of intellectual liberty as the price of receiving it. That, too, impresses me as a healthy condition. Freedom is not the result of tolerance, indifference, deadness: it is won and held after a struggle.

And the same is true of an author's privacy. There is one cheap and certain method by which he can preserve it, namely, by never writing anything that bothers people or makes them faintly curious. I doubt that many writers would be satisfied with this state of affairs. They want to be read, they want to achieve success, and any successful writer is, by definition, a public figure. More or less, he has to play the part. He cannot live, as Aiken seems to recommend, in a tower built of glass bricks that are transparent from within but translucent from without, so that he can enjoy the world without being seen. He cannot influence his readers without allowing himself to be influenced in turn. But he can set a limit to their influence on him, and, in particular, he can prevent his personality from being ballyhooed like a new brand of shaving cream. He can keep his integrity by fighting for it; otherwise it wouldn't be worth having. MALCOLM COWLEY.

Cherry Blossoms and the Mines

Facing Two Ways, by Baroness Shidzue Ishimoto. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 373 pages. \$3.50.

SHIDZUE HIROTO was born into a Samurai family some thirty years after Japan had thrown off feudalism and was assimilating capitalistic civilization at a rate that struck terror to some Western observers. As its title implies, this fascinating autobiography is a story of conflict between civilizations, not only in the environment but in the mind and life of the writer.

Shidzue's father, wearing Western clothes and designing modern factories, "was in his private life thoroughly imbued with the feudalistic ideology." Her mother, though educated in a mission school, held to old Japanese ideals and the family system, "humbly serving her parents-in-law and her sisters and brothers-in-law," and unshrinkingly brought up her daughter to face a similar existence, believing that endurance and sacrifice were the supreme womanly virtues. In its essence Shidzue's upbringing was Japanese, though Western externals crept in as a result of her father's business trips to Europe. She attended the Peeress' School, founded by the Empress Haruko for girls of the ruling class. Among other things she studied ethics, and learned the importance of patriotism and filial piety. She studied also "manners and etiquette," which included training in formality for every possible occasion and "three forms of bowing: to elders, to equals and to inferiors." Modern tendencies were not wholly lacking, however, for the curriculum included Swedish gymnastics performed in long-sleeved kimonos and high-heeled shoes, and Red Cross drill of a highly militaristic character.

In her seventeenth year Shidzue was formally betrothed to Baron Ishimoto, whom she had never seen before receiving his proposal. The betrothal and wedding ceremonies were carried on with all the rigorous formality aristocratic Japanese tradition demands, but soon after the wedding circumstances delivered her from the customary bondage to her husband's family. Baron Ishimoto, an idealistic mining engineer strongly imbued with Western humanitarianism, was sent out to the Miiike coal fields in south-western Japan. The miserable conditions under which the miners worked and lived made a deep impression on the young couple. Problems that she had never heard mentioned forced themselves on the eager, untrained mind of the girl whose preparation for life amid starvation and squalor had been hours of practising tea and flower ceremonies.

Step by step her questioning, reinforced by Western travel and study, led her to accept the most advanced position of Western radicals, particularly of Western feminists, though her thinking on social questions is marked by more realism and awareness of the class struggle than Western feminism has sometimes shown. Her husband, after a brief infatuation with Soviet Russia—which Japanese diplomacy prevented his visiting—suddenly reverted to Japanese nationalist ideals and, finding the struggle against family and class tradition too much for him, turned his back on Western liberalism. But the wife who had "followed his pace from humanism to liberalism and realism to radicalism" could not turn back with him. She is active today in the Japanese feminist movement and in March, 1934, in the face of Japan's fascist tendencies, opened a birth-control clinic in Tokyo.

Her analysis of the obstacles that such democratic and radical movements face in a country in which capitalist

industrialism has been suddenly amalgamated with feudal tradition is clear-eyed and revealing. Her book is more than the life story of a forceful and appealing woman; it is a help toward understanding the country and the period in which she lives.

MARTHA GRUENING.

Yeats: Last Spokesman

Collected Plays of William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. 617 pages. \$3.50.

Wheels and Butterflies, by William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. 165 pages. \$2.

The King of the Great Clock Tower: A Play with Poems and Commentaries, by William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. 46 pages. \$1.50.

AS IN the case of Yeats's "Collected Poems," the present collection of twenty-one plays (1892-1934) is a result of much rewriting toward a final edition of his work. Significant changes have been made in "The King's Threshold," for in this latest version Seanchan the poet dies, and not until after death is there a suggestion of the victory that he won while still alive in the earlier play. If we remember that Seanchan was dismissed from the king's council because he was considered less useful than the king's men of action, this shift in the play's solution reveals the accretion of ironic tragedy that separates the later work of Yeats from that of the young man who wrote "The Lake Isle of Innisfree." In the rewriting of some of the other plays there are also notable changes in diction: it would seem that the entire selection is rearranged so as to effect a climax in the excellent adaptations of Sophocles' "Oedipus." It is toward that high standard of prose and verse which appears in the adaptations from Sophocles that the "Collected Plays" are directed. From these we gain adequate perspective for the more recent aspects of Yeats's work in prose.

"Wheels and Butterflies" and "The King of the Great Clock Tower" might well have been grouped in a single volume. The introductions and commentaries surrounding the five plays and a dozen poems serve to unify the various facets of his development since the publication of "Collected Poems" (1933). The prose, some of which recalls the earlier autobiographies, is actually a journal of ideas; and it becomes plain, I think, that its more effective passages reconstruct the image of Dean Swift and resurrect the figure of Parnell. It is also clear that Yeats has now identified his interests with these two men: Parnell as tragedian is hero and the ironist Dean Swift is commentator.

Two of the five plays, "The Words upon the Window Pane" and "The Resurrection," are among the best examples of Yeats's recent adaptation of the Symbolist technique. Swift's speech through the person of a spiritualist medium in "The Words upon the Window Pane," and the last speech of the Greek in "The Resurrection," are like in purpose as well as in technique, and in both the same warning rises to a climax at the play's end:

THE GREEK: O Athens, Alexandria, Rome, something has come to destroy you! The heart of a phantom is beating! Man has begun to die. Your words are clear at last, O Heraclitus. God and man die each other's life, live each other's death.

The remaining three plays, "Fighting the Waves" (with music by George Antheil), "The Cat and the Moon" and "The King of the Great Clock Tower," mark a return to

the early imagery of Yeats. Again the Irish myths are recited: the death of Cuchulain, Saint Colman's well and the Gaelic legend that resembles Wilde's version of Salome. These, like the earlier mythological plays of Yeats, offer some of the same difficulties of translation into dramatic form, yet they reveal great distinction in the uses of eloquence and, when compared with the first version of his early plays, a further refinement in poetic diction.

The poems might be said to follow the same direction as the larger bulk of prose; they are poems set in motion by desire to reaffirm position, to say in the face of a changing world "the spring vegetables may be over, they have not been refuted. I am Blake's disciple not Hegel's: 'Contraries are positive. A negation is not a contrary.'"

At this point it is well to recall that Yeats is living in contemporary Dublin, not merely writing there, but living as a European in the very heart of a provincial culture. As always the symbols of his experience are derived from Irish sources; the symbol of Parnell (so far as he is concerned) was the polar opposite of "democratic bonhomie" and his tragedy was the defeat of the individual through participation in political activity. The political life of Yeats's generation was overshadowed by that defeat; and in this particular, Yeats shares the same disillusionment that Joyce uncovers in "Ulysses." In Yeats the realization of tragedy was to foster an extreme of individual Protestantism. Yeats rejects all forms of orthodoxy; for him the "contrary" of the Roman Catholic Church as well as the radio is the voice of the spiritual medium. Today in Ireland Yeats speaks of "Garrets and Cellars" and the symbolic reference might well apply to Dublin restaurants where no one dares to speak above a whisper. De Valera's semi-fascist state breeds cryptograms and voiceless rumors; as in Vienna the enemy is at one's back, and was that noise the sound of distant firing? Elliptical conversation is the rule in Dublin, and that is why Yeats's plain speaking effects a contrast to the order of the day:

Had de Valera eaten Parnell's heart
No loose-lipped demagogue had won the day,
No civil rancor torn the land apart.
Had Cosgrave eaten Parnell's heart, the land's
Imagination had been satisfied,
Or lacking that, government in such hands
O'Higgins its sole statesman had not died.

From this he swings to answer D. S. Mirsky's statement that Marxian socialism denies the existence of great men, quoting to him: "Great men are the embodiment of great social movements and it is natural that the greater the movement the greater the great man produced by it." If Yeats sees a parallel action between the Roman Catholic Church and communism, that parallel is a reality in Dublin, where in the darkened whispering confusion of "Garrets and Cellars" the Church and communism meet. In poetry his personal reply has two aspects, one religious, the other political:

Why should I seek for love or study it?
It is of God and passes human wit;
I study hatred with great diligence
For that's a passion in my own control,
A sort of besom that can clear the soul
Of everything that is not mind or sense.

It is possible to view Yeats as the last spokesman of his "tragic generation" and to think of him looking out over Europe from Ireland as a man might lean over his garden wall at twilight: Lionel Johnson gone, Parnell gone,

Major Robert Gregory gone, until the repetition of names gone is like the tolling of a bell:

Soldiers take pride in saluting their Captain,
Where are the captains that govern mankind?
What happens to a tree that has nothing within it?
O marching wind, O a blast of the wind,
Marching, marching along,
March, march, lift up the sings:

"Who'd care to dig 'em," said the old, old man,
"Those six feet marked in chalk;
Much I talk, more I walk,
Time I were buried" said the old, old man.

HORACE GREGORY.

Education of a Scientist

Young Ward's Diary, Edited by Bernhard J. Stern.
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 331 pages. \$3.

IT WAS forty-five years ago that I was thrilled by Lester F. Ward's distinctions between compulsory legislation and attractive legislation, and between teleologic and genetic evolution, as developed in his "Dynamic Sociology." Yet I was cold to his reliance on universal education as the one instrument for social progress. I had, during the previous decade, been brought up on the laissez-faire sociology of Emerson and Herbert Spencer, and the divine purpose of Henry George. But here, to me, was a new idea of human purpose injected into sociology. Afterwards, in 1896, I listened to Ward's lectures at Chicago University on "The Psychic Factors of Civilization," and at the time thought him a typical dry-as-dust academic instructor, without any emotions whatever.

In reading this diary, which he began to keep in 1860 at the age of nineteen, I found to my immense surprise that he was the most passionate and intense of lovers. Night after night he kissed and embraced his girl until three or four in the morning—always, as he frequently says, without wrong. He and the girl were married five days before he left for the war, and when he returned, a wounded soldier with three shots in his leg, she nursed and cared for him. His diary, during periods of absence, is filled with dreams of her. There could be no more beautiful story of love based on community of interests and equal determination towards self-education than the story of these two. They read and studied together, learning Latin, Greek, French and mathematics. Only after the Civil War, when he obtained a clerkship in the Treasury Department, was he able to send for her to live with him. Their child was born and lived only one year. He and other government clerks persuaded Columbia University to start night classes in 1867, and by means of these classes he obtained his A. B. degree in 1869. His wife entered other schools, and together they worked on their studies. According to the present editor, she died two years after this diary closed, and Ward's second wife destroyed all the diary material written in English from 1870 until his death in 1913, "lest lapses of loyalty to her be disclosed."

The editor introduces several manuscripts found in Ward's papers, written for his beloved "lyceum" and not published. These lyceums were evidently the field for his self-education. I can find in this diary and these papers a revelation of his own character that explains his dynamic sociology—which is really volitional psychology, based on ideas of human equality, and of the intellect as an instru-

ment of deception, serving the will instead of governing it. And I am sure, after reading this intimate story of the love and mutual education of a man and a woman, that there is to be found here, marvelously well conceived, Ward's later doctrine of the superiority of woman over man, the equality of all races, and the hope of social progress by the right kind of education.

JOHN R. COMMONS.

The Consumer Pays and Pays

Paying Through the Teeth, by Bissell B. Palmer. New York: The Vanguard Press. 285 pages. \$2.

Counterfeit, by Arthur Kallet. New York: The Vanguard Press. 96 pages. \$1.50.

THE GROWING literature on consumer protection against adulteration and false advertising is a symptom of mounting resentment against proprietary frauds. These two books throw additional light on the extent of falsification practised by so-called reputable manufacturers.

Dr. Palmer, a former president of the American College of Dentists, has filled his book with documented attacks on practically every nationally advertised dentifrice, using much of the material of the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association. As Dr. Palmer points out, a tooth paste is only a mechanical aid to the toothbrush, having no chemical or therapeutic powers and no ability to whiten teeth. According to Dr. Palmer or the Council:

Kolynos cannot whiten teeth in three days or three thousand days.

Pepsodent cannot "remove film," and even if it could, it is not certain whether such removal would be beneficial.

Calox's "oxygen bubbles" are just copywriter's hot air and practically valueless in cleaning teeth.

Ipana's "pink toothbrush" is an advertising bogey and its paste is no more valuable in gum massage than a clean finger.

Forhan's cannot cure pyorrhea, an ailment which requires surgical treatment.

Squibb's cannot prevent caries (tooth cavities) since caries are present even in clean teeth and are chiefly due to faulty diet.

Colgate's cannot remove "seven stains" because there are not seven causes for stains.

Pebeco, Bost and Phillip's Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste cannot alkalize mouth acids, except for a few seconds, even if this were desirable.

In his message to Congress urging food-and-drug legislation, President Roosevelt said: "The great majority of those engaged in the trade in food and drugs do not need regulation. They observe the spirit as well as the letter of existing law. Present legislation ought to be directed primarily toward a small minority of evaders and chisellers. . . ." The list of offenders given above, far from being a "small minority," consists of practically every well known dentifrice manufacturer. In fact, the only nationally advertised dentifrice approved by the American Dental Association not on this list is Iodent.

Arthur Kallet, co-author of the Consumer's Research best seller "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs," has borrowed a leaf from the best advertising technique in his new book. Those manufacturers who sell adulterated or falsely advertised or harmful products he describes as counterfeiters. Some of the counterfeit goods are silks weighted with tin, hamburgers with sodium sulphide, cosmetics advertised under phoney claims—in fact almost every nationally advertised

product is a counterfeit of a genuine article. Photographs illustrating the counterfeiting technique drive home their lesson as effectively as any national advertising.

Dr. Palmer thinks there ought to be a law. But how effective can any law be, even a bill so impossible of enactment as the original Tugwell measure? How can Pepsodent, which spent \$1,787,242 in 1934 for radio and magazine advertising, be regulated by a food-and-drug administration whose entire budget for proprietary medicine (including dentifrices with therapeutic claims) was less than one-tenth that sum? Even such a crusading fighter as Dr. Harvey Wiley, father of the 1906 Pure Food and Drug Act, finally had to quit, his bureau hamstrung by congressional indifference, his decisions overruled by a presidential board and his precious law emasculated by hostile courts. Mr. Kallet, with more experience than Dr. Palmer in the difficulties of consumer protection, thinks a new law would itself only be a counterfeit:

It is useless to look for legislative remedies. The whole trouble is that goods counterfeiting is not an isolated phenomenon . . . and cannot be ended so long as it pays, that is, so long as industry is privately owned and profits are the motivating force behind production. . . .

WILL MASLOW.

Nothing to Say

South, by Frederick Wight. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.

MR. FREDERICK WIGHT is a young New England portrait painter who, for the past several years, has been spending his winters in Augusta, Georgia. There he participates in the social-literary life of "the season" and now, out of those experiences, he has undertaken to write a novel. It is not a good novel. Mr. Wight has tried to write a complete Baedeker of the contemporary South—putting *everything* in—and he is not a capable enough writer to measure up to his own ambitions. And his scheme strikes us, after we have finished reading his book and the evidence is all in, as being not daring but merely presumptuous.

It is obvious, certainly, that experiences gained in a community like Augusta (during those tourist months when it has a very special and false-front identity) are hardly of the kind to give one any deep understanding of so complicated a section as the South. Mr. Wight, however, thinks otherwise. There is not only the rather trumpeting title of his book, but various sweeping generalizations such as: "This whole South is deeply visceral."—"Nothing is pellucid: everything hangs in suspense."—"It is characteristic of things in the South to reach you by some auxiliary sense—even the sky." Such observations may have a knowing sound, and are very literary, but what, finally, do they mean?

The story of "South" is that of a young artist and his wife who go to a Southern resort city for a winter. They fall in with a social-literary crowd and the young wife, who dismisses her surrender to one man with a "that's that" (literally), encounters a great emotional crisis when she wants to give herself to another. This leads to strained relationships between the pair and they both try very hard to be generous and modern and jolly good sports. Finally they come together again, after 634 pages, but, meanwhile, there have been a strike, a murder, a polo game, a trip to a

cotton mill, a trip to a house of prostitution, a trip to the homes of several poor whites, a drag hunt, a long dissertation by the author on modern art (principally El Greco), dinner parties, cocktail parties, parties that just happen, the Decay of Old Southern Families, a Communist's lecture on Imperialistic War and, for good measure, a flood—all of which, including the strike and the flood, have no effect upon the characters whatsoever.

The author, in writing his book, has done his utmost to be literary, but has succeeded only in writing prose that reads like an imitation of Mr. Aldous Huxley giving an imitation of Mr. William Faulkner. It is forced and contrived throughout and, since Mr. Wight is being introduced as a stylist, it is not altogether unfair to isolate specimens of his style. He describes a girl sleeping: "She is poised delicately on the self-contained, the art side, of Nature. Even her sleep has an unconcerned composure to it." An emotion: "A whole world of neo-Platonic mysticism hovered within them." A city: "A mixture of disconnected facts, all hanging together on a web of expectation more intricate than any telephone mesh, or the capillaries of a water system winding on to a faucet to quench each individual gullet." A door closing: "The closing that shut Katherine and himself in a room together was like opening a cherished and delightful volume, or rather a manuscript, of your very own." Unpacking a suitcase: "Fred . . . began to strew the entrails of his about the room." A Negro woman: "A walking monolith from Angkor Vat . . . as patiently remote as a python in captivity."

This may be style, but it is better, I think, to come to the point and have one's say—if, indeed, one has anything to say at all.

HAMILTON BASSO.

The Good Octopus

Boss Rule, by J. T. Salter. New York: Whittlesey House. 281 pages. \$2.50.

PROFESSOR J. T. Salter spent several years in Philadelphia—at the expense of the Social Science Research Council—studying the corrupt, endlessly fascinating, astute and economically very significant political system in that industrial city. He fell in with a couple of pseudo-reformers (whose names cause all who know about Philadelphia politics to smile) and apparently through them met one or two ward leaders and a handful of division leaders. His book is largely devoted to the piddling but effective devices employed by these leaders to "carry" their precincts. It concerns such elementary and hoary basic principles as these:

1. Service to the humble (getting George out of jail, helping to bury Mrs. Malone, getting Mr. Jajowski's assessment reduced, obtaining a permit for Father Riley's carnival, opening up a fire plug in summer, obtaining a parole for Mrs. Rhinebeck's forging son, etc., etc.) is the keystone of "the organization's" success.
2. Absolute adherence to the code, to the rules of the game, ensures survival of each individual in "the organization."

And that is all. There is nothing about how the ward leaders unite, or how, until Vare's collapse, "the boss" ruled over them; there is nothing about what that vast traduction of democracy has been and is being used for. Here is a man who was given the money and the prestige of the Social Science Research Council for several years

and turned loose on Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, the Keystone state (and it is the keystone of the powerful interests of the East), and he writes about what good simple fellows the division leaders are and how much they do for the poor. "Boss Rule"? His book doesn't justify such a title.

It's really a crime. If the Social Science Research Council wants to atone, I can give them the names of half a dozen persons—neither right nor left, neither personally involved nor personally biased—who will do a real study of the extraordinary interplay of economics, politics and humanity in Philadelphia. The subject is at the root of the failure of democracy. Its illumination could make one of the great books of all time—as great as, and even greater than, Machiavelli's "The Prince." HENRY HART.

Books in Brief

Science and the Human Temperament, by Erwin H. Schrödinger. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 216 pages. \$2.50.

IN THESE essays, Schrödinger continues the fine tradition of Henri Poincaré: he writes pithily and elegantly about the problems of physical science, not so much for the sake of making physics intelligible to laymen, as for the opportunity of making our social life and culture more intelligible to the scientist, in terms of his own medium. Thus, in "Physical Science and the Temper of the Age," he discusses how far modern science has been outlined "under the influence of certain contemporary trends which are not peculiar to science at all." From the standpoint of physics, these essays, according to Schrödinger's peers, leave little to be desired. A sociologist, however, might wish that Schrödinger had been even more fully conscious of the debt of abstract thought to social situations and social techniques: thus the present theory of natural laws as statistical averages really goes back to Dutch life-insurance tables of the seventeenth century, and to the subsequent formulation of statistical probability by Quetelet in the beginning of the nineteenth century. The fashion of the age has made us too conscious of society's debt to physical science, with a capital S, and we are bashful about calling attention to science's debt to society.

L. M.

They Died with Their Boots On, by Thomas Ripley. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 302 pages. \$2.50.

Mr. Ripley writes about the gunpowder kids of the Southwest, and especially about John Wesley Hardin, who became chief trigger man of Texas in the years after the Civil War. Hardin began at the age of fifteen by killing an ex-slave. During the next year he killed two white soldiers and one Negro soldier who had been sent to round him up, and his total record was twenty-eight men, not including Negroes. Hardin always claimed that the one thing he wanted was to lead a peaceful life, but as soon as he arrived in a new town someone turned up in front of his gun and the blamed thing went off. A somewhat more attractive figure of the same period was Ben Thompson, an honest gambler and a real gentleman. He rode through the streets of San Antonio on a fine black mount, on a saddle that cost \$1,500 and had a solid-silver jeweled horn. Mr. Ripley writes about these men in the manner of a good yarn spinner. There is a great deal of first-hand material in the book, derived from interviews with Texans still liv-

ing who can remember the days when these hard-riding, straight-shooting desperadoes came roaring into town with a blast of gunfire.

P. B.

No Traveler Returns, by Joseph Auslander. New York: Harper and Brothers. 233 pages. \$2.50.

Mr. Auslander's verse is full of flourishes, riotous imagery and general extravagance—none of which serves to conceal the tameness of his scope or the banality of his interests. Almost anyone can see beneath his verbal sky-rockets to the weakness of the spark that set them off; almost anyone can tell that his exuberance is an affair rather of technical facility than of emotional or imaginative force. He is skilled in various verse forms and he has a deft and sensuous feeling for words—but this is not enough to quicken his insight or invigorate his themes, which are the usual ones of love, death and nature.

H. N.

Guiding Your Child Through the Formative Years, by Winifred deKok. New York: Emerson Books. 192 pages. \$2.

There are more solid facts and more helpful suggestions about the successful rearing of little children in this small book than in a whole library full of those dull wordy encomiums that most child psychologists of today feel it their solemn duty to write. Dr. de Kok not only presents simply and plausibly such exact data as she acquired during the years that she was a teacher and a practising psychoanalyst, but she describes in humorous detail the particular and unexpected problems that she had to face in bringing up her own two youngsters—not neglecting those situations for which she has not yet found adequate solutions.

Throughout the volume she is guided by the sane (but at the present time decidedly unfashionable) attitude that the best method for training any child is that which lessens, rather than adds to, the burdens of his parents.

Contributors

MAX LERNER is lecturer in the department of Government at Harvard University. The article in this issue will appear in expanded form in a book on the Supreme Court in the economic order.

CONRAD AIKEN is the author of several novels, of which the latest is "King Coffin," to be published September 20 by Scribner's. In 1929 he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for his "Collected Poems." He is now living in England.

MARTHA GRUENING is a student of race relations in the United States and contributes articles on this and other questions to various magazines.

HORACE GREGORY is the author of three books of verse, "Chelsea Rooming House," "No Retreat" and "Chorus for Survival," and of a critical study of D. H. Lawrence, "Pilgrim of the Apocalypse."

JOHN R. COMMONS has written numerous books on economics, is a former president of the National Economics Association and was for twenty years professor of Economics at the University of Wisconsin. He has been president of the National Consumers' League since 1923.

WILL MASLOW, a member of the New York bar, is a student of consumer protection.

HENRY HART, a member of the editorial staff of G. P. Putnam's Sons, is the author of "The Great One," a novel dealing with Philadelphia politics.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Lewis Mumford, Peggy Baird and Helen Neville.

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